

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Lady Ann James and Her Son

Michael John Frederick Lowry James is the three-and-a-half-months old son of Mr. Jack and Lady Ann James. He was photographed with his mother at the Drift, Ashampstead, the James's home. Lady Ann James is the eldest of the Earl of Enniskillen's three daughters, and was married six years ago. Her husband is an Assistant Secretary at the Admiralty. Miranda, the dog, is a pedigree Dandie Dinmont



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Long Royal Service

BLUE-EYED, youthful-looking Sir Louis Greig who has accompanied the Duke of Kent across the Atlantic to inspect the progress of the Imperial Air Training Scheme in Canada has seen much royal service. He was a favourite of the late King George V, and Equerry to the present King throughout the last war. He ranks as Wing Commander in the Royal Air Force, while the Duke of Kent is Group Captain.

Sir Louis Greig has been on Sir Archibald Sinclair's personal staff at the Air Ministry since the outbreak of war, and is conversant with all aspects of the growth of Britain's air power. While in Canada, Captain Harold Balfour, Under Secretary of State for Air, has been making arrangements for the Duke of Kent's tour, which will take him right across the Dominion.

On Captain Balfour's return to Whitehall he will find that he is now joint Under Secretary for Air, with Sir Hugh Seely as his colleague. Sir Hugh has been created a Baron and will shortly vacate his seat in the House of Commons, where he has done good work for the Liberal Party, to be Front Bench spokesman for the Air Ministry in the House of Lords. Sir Hugh is forty-six, handsome and energetic. Like Captain Balfour, he has many flying hours to his credit.

Two Political Prophets

CONTINUED Russian resistance has caused many an eyebrow to be raised, and once firmly held opinions to be recast. Outside Whitehall, there were a number of unbiased

experts who did not imagine that the Russians would be able to resist Hitler's tactics for more than six weeks. But two politicians can at least claim themselves as prophets. One is the Prime Minister, and the other is Mr. Lloyd George.

Both were consistent in urging that we should seek an alliance with Soviet Russia before the war started and, let it be said, were each deeply shocked when Stalin did his deal with Hitler.

As the war between Germany and Russia develops, the Soviets are proving that they are a match for the Nazis in all modern tactics. Apart from military prowess and skilled use of propaganda, the Soviets appreciate the necessity of swiftness in politics. They are equal to the Nazis inasmuch as they do not waste any time when they want something.

Ribbentrop got a reputation for running about Europe collecting pacts, but he did not move as fast or as far as General Golikov, the youthful Deputy Chief of the Russian General Staff, has been doing. He flew from Moscow to London, and then from London to Montreal and on to Washington in the space of seventy-two hours. In London he found time for long conferences with Mr. Anthony Eden and members of the Russian Military Mission, before meeting Mr. Sumner Welles for what have proved to be highly important talks with the United States Government.

Busy Ambassadors

IT is not only in the swift movement of the Russian Deputy Chief of Staff that we see the capacity of Moscow to move quickly when

occasion demands. Within a few days of the German onslaught breaking upon the Soviet Union, M. Maisky had organised a daily news-letter for the information of the London Press. This contains up-to-the-minute news of the East European campaign, transmitted to London by wireless and printed during the night. Within one month of the outbreak of the new war two first-class Russian films of events on the battlefield had reached London—and this despite certain obvious difficulties of transport between the two capitals.

Probably no two men have been busier for a long time than the Soviet Ambassador in London and the British Ambassador in Moscow. There has suddenly been thrown upon them a tremendous added volume of work; and neither has an especially large staff, although both have been reinforced during recent weeks. Apart from the new rush of direct consultations between the British and Russian Governments on the actual conduct of the war there has been an extra call on diplomacy in arranging agreements between the Soviet Union and Britain's allies.

Steps have also been taken to ensure that British and Russian representations in various neutral countries have been kept in harmony and directed towards the common end. Under the first heading fall negotiations with such countries as Czechoslovakia and Poland; under the latter one naturally thinks of the countries of the Middle and Far East. In all of these M. Maisky and Sir Stafford Cripps have played leading roles.

Re-enter Rheinbaben

A FRIEND who has just arrived from Lisbon tells me that Baron von Rheinbaben is playing a prominent role as a member of the German colony in the Portuguese capital. The Baron, who was a prolific writer and at one time held office as Deputy Foreign Minister under Stresemann, played an active part in the five or six years before the war in fostering here that sense of false confidence which culminated in the "peace in our time" hysteria after Munich and would have handed the Empire over to Hitler, bound hand and foot, had its exponents had their way.

A group of American army officers on a "plain clothes" mission to this country found themselves spending the evening at Estoril, Lisbon's seaside resort, a week or two ago, while waiting for a plane in which to complete their journey. They were accosted by von Rheinbaben, in excellent English, who inquired if they were not Americans. A major in the party, acting as spokesman, admitted the soft impeachment. "What are you doing here," the German inquired. "Waiting for a plane," was the standard reply. "And where are you going?" von Rheinbaben persisted. "To England," was the terse answer. "Ach. And why are you going to England?" asked the baron with heavy naiveté. "Just tourists, you know," said the American major, and, getting tired of this interrogation inquired blandly: "And what are you doing here?" "The same as you," came the reply, with a sly twinkle.

American Evolution

ANGLO-AMERICAN co-operation in the war against Hitlerism is developing at so brisk a rate that current comment is becoming as difficult as keeping pace with the changes at the Ministry of Information. It was the general feeling last week that Mr. Harry Hopkins's broadcast at the weekend, before he returned to report to President Roosevelt, said just about everything that any Britisher could hope to hear. Mr. Hopkins was passing the weekend in company with the Prime Minister "somewhere in the country," and among those present was that admirable and



Signing the Armistice at Acre

Pictures have now arrived in England of the last stage in the thirty-five-day Syrian campaign—the signing of the armistice in Acre. Here General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, commanding the Imperial Forces in Syria, signs, while General Catroux, commanding the Free French Forces, looks on (second from left)



The Secretary for War takes to the Air

Captain David Margesson, M.P., Secretary of State for War, recently paid a visit to a Bomber Command aerodrome. Besides inspecting aerodrome defences—the reason for his visit—he went for a flight in a bomber, was photographed being helped into his parachute harness by a group captain



Settling in at M.O.I.

Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., the new Minister of Information, was photographed at his desk at the Ministry with the Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Ernest Thurtle, M.P. standing beside him. Mr. Thurtle's predecessor was Mr. Harold Nicolson. Mr. Bracken's new-broom activities are discussed by "Foresight" this week

outspoken commentator Miss Dorothy Thompson.

Writing about Mr. Hopkins on previous occasions I have described him as the eyes, ears and mouthpiece of the President. Listening to him on that Sunday evening I could help remarking that his is also the tongue and voice of Mr. Roosevelt. In his choice of phrase and his method of delivery this might well have been the President himself telling us: "People of England, people of Britain, people of the British Commonwealth of Nations; you are not fighting alone!"

American evolution in the war has undoubtedly been speeded up by Japan's latest challenge to the Western World. Even Senator Burton Wheeler, perhaps alarmed by the President's warning that he was getting on to dangerous ground—as Mr. Stimson had put it "near the line of subversive activities against the United States, if not of treason"—gave his public approval of the administration.

Bracken's Big Broom

THINGS have been humming at the Ministry of Information since Mr. Brendan Bracken took over control of affairs. Permanent officials, newspapermen and the allied crafts have been rubbing their eyes to see so much energy and determination to get things done. It was not surprising that the new Minister should ask all the leading permanent officials to place their resignations in his hands so that he might feel free to make whatever changes in the staff seemed to him necessary in the interests of increased efficiency.

With the backing of the Prime Minister, Mr. Bracken has a great opportunity to remove the stigma which has lain upon the Ministry since its earliest days. It has suffered, after all, from having been misconceived from the outset, with little clear idea in Downing Street of the functions which it should perform, and much opposition from departments which mistrusted, feared or actively resented all forms of popular publicity. Mr. Bracken has no such inhibitions, and has made obvious that his aim is to "get the news across."

I fancy that the Treasury and its Establishment Division are going to have a rough time with Mr. Bracken. He has the quaint idea

that if large sums can be made available to help the needy poor of journalism from many countries under Hitler's heel there must be money also available to help the "Free British" in their task of crushing Hitler. This will come as quite a novel idea to some people, but will probably commend itself to Empire journalists and others as making good sense.

News for America

UNLIKE Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Bracken will not have to worry about the dissemination of British news in America. Sir Gerald Campbell is back in New York with the fullest powers to present Britain's case. He has the power to initiate, as well as the power to veto the future course of British news services.

No better man could have been found for this post which calls for a mixture of forthrightness coupled with the tact of a diplomat. Englishmen who know America assert, and Americans admit, that the United States will take almost anything from Sir Gerald. He has been there for twenty years and knows the States intimately from coast to coast. As an after-dinner speaker he has few rivals.

Before leaving London Sir Gerald exercised his right to select the principal members of his staff. Mr. Vernon Bartlett, one of Britain's best broadcasters for many years, as well as a first-class newspaper correspondent experienced in foreign affairs, is to be head of the Press Bureau. He is the Independent Member for Bridgewater, but will retain his seat in the House of Commons while working in the United States.

Professor C. K. Webster, who was professor of History at Harvard University from 1928 to 1932, and has held numerous other professorships in this country, including that of International History at the London School of Economics, will be in charge of the British Library of Information. He is fifty-five.

Finally, Mr. John Wheeler Bennett will be in charge of organisation and co-ordination. Mr. Wheeler Bennett has an intimate knowledge of European affairs, as well as a family connexion with the United States. His mother has an estate in Virginia, and Mr. Wheeler Bennett holds an honorary professorship in international affairs at Virginia University.

Mr. Wheeler Bennett has been a close student of modern Germany and wrote a book on Hindenburg. In 1924, as a member of the Board of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, he founded a department which issued a regular bulletin of international news. This proved of great value to students of foreign affairs.

Alas, Poor Finland

DURING a number of years London has grown to feel a warm and genuine affection for the Finnish Minister, Mr. Gripenberg. He has shown himself on all occasions a good friend of this country, and in his house many of us have enjoyed stimulating and interesting conversations. Through many difficult days he has remained patient and extremely reasonable. Although Russia is now our ally in the common struggle to crush Hitler and all his works, we cannot forget that eighteen months ago Finland was putting up a valiant effort to preserve her full independence against the Russian aggressor.

Throughout that time Mr. Gripenberg showed admirable restraint while Britain and France hesitated to insist that Norway and Sweden must permit the passage of Allied forces to aid Finnish resistance. Nor did one hear any undiplomatic complaints when the time came for Finland to negotiate peace before Anglo-French aid could come in sufficient quantities to affect the issue.

The Gripenbergs were direct sufferers in Finland from that war, having property near to the old Russian frontier. And when the blitz fell on London last autumn they were again singled out for the worst treatment. In two raids close to one another the Finnish Legation, in Smith Square, Westminster, and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gripenberg in Bryanston Square, were both destroyed. Of their furniture and decorations nothing remained to salvage.

The Minister himself is a Swedish Finn, and played an important part in helping to remove the jealousies which for some years divided independent Finland against itself. His wife was an Englishwoman from Shropshire. They must both regret that the tide of war has swept Finland and Britain into opposite camps.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"Fantasia" Again—and Some Others

Two actresses in the long history of the British stage were born to play Emma Hamilton—Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Jordan. Nell was a hundred years too early; the Jordan, since her birth and death were each within a year of Emma's, fits exactly. And what actress since then could have impersonated the dazzling wench and bedraggled harridan—mistress of Tom, Dick and Horatio and, as the more than pudic *Dictionary of National Biography* puts it: "intimate with Queen Maria Carolina at Naples." I can think of three actresses, and three only, who in their youth and heyday could have done it—Ellen Terry, in her Sans-Gêne vein, Laurette Taylor, to judge from her *Peg o' My Heart*, and always, indubitably, Fay Compton. Every one of these would have had the wit to show the blousy core at the heart of the budding rose. Given this there is no limit to the display of warmth, generosity, heart, beauty, temperament and frolic.

Miss Vivien Leigh gives us nothing of either side of the picture; she lacks equally Emma's charm and Emma's vulgarity. Her Lady Hamilton is an ultra-refined young woman who, on Nelson's demise, must inevitably have declined to weeds, barouche and memories. Her performance throughout *Lady Hamilton* (Odeon) reeks of Muswell Hill at its most respectable; she is as much like a tom-boy as a tom-cat. Indeed, less. And if Vivien has any

smack of Romney about her I ought to be cast to play Don Quixote. A thoroughly bad performance, always presuming that Mr. Korda had any notion of presenting the real Emma. On the other hand, given that the notion was to portray the kind of mistress Queen Victoria would have approved for one of her leading admirals, the thing will perhaps do. Then why not have called the picture "Sweet Em of Old Nel"? Which reminds me that I forgot Julia Neilson in my list of possible exponents. And it never does to forget Julia.

Mr. Laurence Olivier makes a brave, unaffected and successful Nelson, and there is an extremely clever impersonation of Sir William Hamilton by Alan Mowbray. The picture is ultimately rescued by the Battle of Trafalgar, which is a grand job from start to finish, even if you have to forgive Mr. Korda's trained choir on board H.M.S. *Victory*.

I PAID a second visit to *Fantasia*, merely to find that I thought the same as before, only more so. Or you can put it that the film is both better and worse than I first thought, but always in the way I thought. I have been infuriated during the past week by people asking my opinion of this film, and obviously expecting that I should find some all-embracing word for it, some felicitous compendium. But this picture is neither "lousy" nor "celestial"; it is "filthy" and

"marvellous" in turns. Shut your eyes during the Bach, and you can fancy yourself to be once more in the Queen's Hall—except that no human orchestra has power to amplify itself above its proper volume, as at the New Gallery. The *Casse-Noisette* business is beautifully done, the drawings being as tender and inventive as Rackham and Dulac at their best; and perhaps I need not insist that the artful little score will intoxicate millions long after our present-day musical highbrows are dust. Come, a challenge! I invite any of our atonalists to mess about with three flutes over a pizzicato bass and produce anything as enchanting as the "Danse des Mirlitons." And if you tell me that atonal music is meant to be read rather than heard, then I challenge your atonalist to produce anything as eye-haunting!

But it is not my intention to re-plough through the whole film. I shall sum it up by saying beyond possibility of contradiction that (1) in the Tschaiakowsky, Dukas, Stravinsky and Moussorgsky, Disney has brilliantly succeeded; (2) that his Schubert is negligible; (3) his Beethoven a miserable and vulgar cropper, and (4) that the greatest master of all music, Johann Sebastian Bach, wipes him and his silly little fancies completely off the screen. I shall bring this section of my article to a close with the modest statement, that whoever differs from the foregoing by so much as a comma is wrong.

THERE are, I suppose, people who can have enough of Mickey Rooney. I am not one of them. It may be that in private life Master Rooney is a milkop after the heart of Deaf Farrar. It may be that history will show him to have been a romantic figure outshining all our heart-breakers from Don Juan to Clark Gable. I am concerned with him only as a scrubby schoolboy who will one day grow up when Mr. Michael Rooney may be a very different proposition altogether. In the meantime *Andy Hardy's Private Secretary* (Empire) will do very well. Somebody is to be congratulated on the extraordinary skill shown in choosing Mickey's partners: the latest is Miss Kathryn Grayson, an altogether delightful young woman who can sing. She is a coloratura soprano of exquisite quality; what her volume of voice may be there is no knowing since amplifiers can make a full-throated choir out of your most timid fledgeling. As at present advised, and changing the metaphor, I will back Kathryn to win the Deanna Durbin Stakes in a canter.

THERE is one fault, and one only, in the very remarkable *Target for Tonight*, which is taking London by storm. This is its occasional use of music. Whenever this happens there is a sudden change over of planes—æsthetic, not aeronautic—from the plane of the scarifyingly actual to that of the make-believe and emotion-jogging. I am sure that the intention was merely to enhance our sensibility; alas, it does not work that way except for the simple. The music translates us. We are no longer privileged, for our soul's good, to take vicarious share in the routine and therefore brain-searing perils of our airmen; we are jolted back into the cinema where that at which we are looking is something devised for our entertainment. We had forgotten all other flying films; the music brings them all back. This objection being made with some firmness, I have to say that I was only able to surmount the almost unbearable tension, and remain in the theatre, by a strong effort of the will.



"Target for Tonight": the New R.A.F. Film

Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Commander-in-Chief Bomber Command, appears in the British Air Force film now running at the Empire and Gaumont Theatres. The picture shows a bombing attack on Germany, in which all the actors are experts in their own line, and follows the exploits of the bomber "F for Freddie." We see all the complicated organisation behind the scenes which goes to make a raid a success. Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, telephone in hand, is seen with one of his senior officers at Bomber Headquarters

"Lady Hamilton"

Alexander Korda's
Film of the
Love Story of Lord
Nelson and His Emma



Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma Hamilton and Horatio Nelson

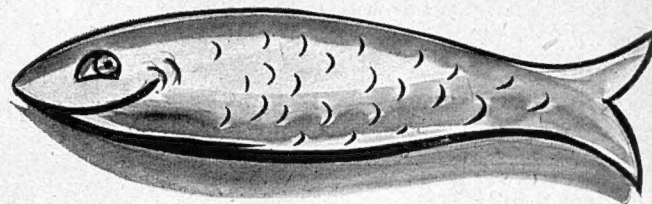


Nelson, hero of the battle of the Nile, arrived in Naples to fall into the hands of two women—Emma Hamilton "who could not help endeavouring to conquer every man she met," and the intriguing ambitious Queen Caroline of Naples. In this scene are Sir William Hamilton (Alan Mowbray), Lady Hamilton (Vivien Leigh), Nelson (Laurence Olivier), Queen Caroline (Norma Drury), King Ferdinand of Naples (Luis Alberni)

The death scene on the *Victory*: Nelson, his spine broken by a musket shot from the "Redoubtable," lives long enough to know that the Battle of Trafalgar is won. Captain Hardy is played by Henry Wilcoxon. "Lady Hamilton," personally directed by Alexander Korda, was the last film that Olivier and Vivien Leigh made before they left Hollywood. It went to the Odeon on Monday and is discussed by Mr. Agate on the opposite page

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon



Quiet Week-end (Wyndham's)

WHEN Turgenev says *A Month in the Country*, we know that he means a month in the country, and a month in the country it is. But when Esther McCracken (who wrote *Quiet Wedding*) says *Quiet Week-end*, we know that she does not mean quiet week-end, and quiet week-end it certainly is not. Unrest to the point of commotion is the keynote of this comedy.

On the rise of the curtain, there is the open fire in the Throppleton cottage of the Royds already refractorily smoking. Soon, the doors have stuck, the midges have congregated, the lettuces have bolted, the veal-and-ham pie has mislaid itself—through all of and much more than which Mrs. Royd wears herself to the bone, never realising what a six-and-sevenish Friday-to-Sunday she regularly passes. Perhaps she even thrives on the arrival of unexpected visitors who must be accommodated somehow, the making of jam that may or may not be

setting according to book, the pursuit of the parsley, the flight from the vicar.

Miss Marjorie Fielding carries off this part with triumphant indefatigability. We are always pleased to see her, always delighted not to be in her shoes. The gentle art of fussing has seldom been more efficiently demonstrated than in this diverting performance of an untiring, over-practical housewife.

THE incidentals of *Quiet Week-end* are really its backbone. Inevitably, there is a love story, but this is mainly valuable as relief. Denys Royd, the son of the house, agreeably played by Mr. Michael Wilding, has two strings to his bow—one of them a child of seventeen, who encourages him as an artist, the other a sophisticated lady of the smart set, who has got him an offer of a job as secretary to somebody in Hollywood, which means not only leaving England (with her), but also giving up his art.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Young Lovers: Denys Royd (Michael Wilding) and Miranda Bute (Glynis Johns)

The child of seven teen is Miss Glynis Johns, who is as clever as they make them and no older off the stage than she is on. She has the technique of the West End at her fingers' ends and an unswerving instinct for most of the tricks of the trade. That she will become a regular star seems inevitable. Whether she will get any farther than that—and a great deal farther than that can be got—depends largely on her powers of resistance to easy victories.

The sophisticated lady is Miss Jeanne Stuart, who has something of the provocative impudence of Isabel Jeans, a possession much to be prized.

It goes without saying that in a comedy of the calibre of *Quiet Week-end* innocence, to the great satisfaction of all first-nighters, triumphs over sophistication, the young man transferring his affections at the close of the piece as promptly and dutifully as Orsino himself.

A THIRD element in this comedy is the fishing element. Mr. Royd accompanies his friend, Mr. Barrasford, who is a J.P., on a salmon-poaching expedition for a bet, with a local to show them the ropes. Not for one moment do we believe

The Fish a J.P. Poached

that men in their position, with reputations to maintain and with all the conventional feelings about sport besides, would embark on such an enterprise. But the enterprise being undertaken, the authoress extracts a good deal of fun from it—fun of the homely, Ian Hay order.

Quiet Week-end is, indeed, very like an Ian Hay play. It is competent, it is clever, it is ingenious, it is spontaneous, it has true human



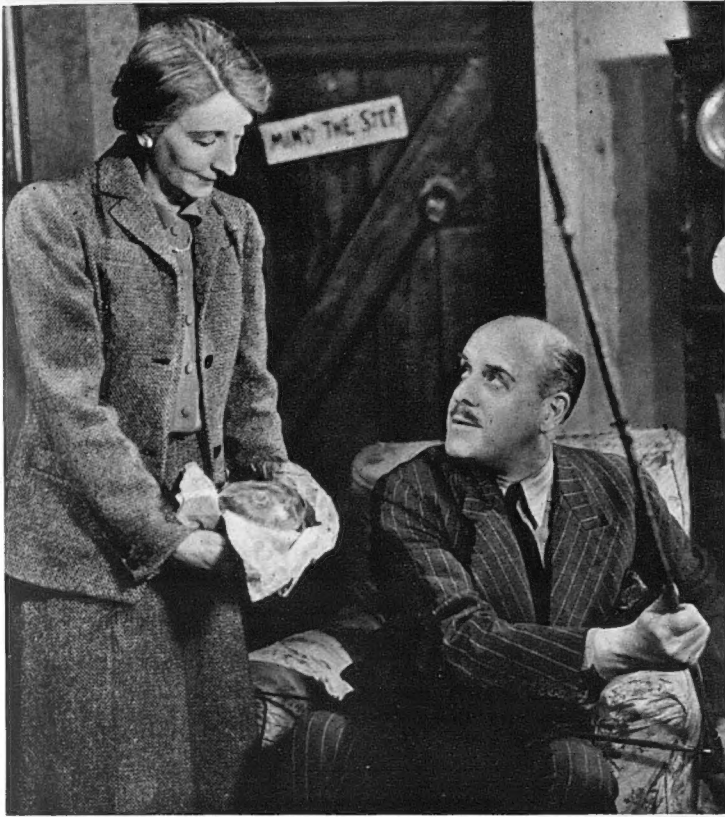
Young Visitor: Sally Spender (Gabrielle Blunt)

touches, and it is consistently commonplace. Mr. Frank Cellier and Mr. George Thorpe skulk amusingly as the respectable pair who get a ducking in their escape from the clutches of the law and end in possession of a salmon for which the J.P. will be pompously fining the local from the bench next week.

As good as *Quiet Wedding*? That, after all, must be the popular question. To which the correct answer probably is not quite. But the public that was amused by one should be sufficiently amused by the other. Although the cast lacks dazzling names, the performance all round is excellent, and the run should last until the week-end season is well over.

"Quiet Week-End"

Esther McCracken's Sequel to Her Family Comedy "Quiet Wedding"



Marjorie Fielding and George Thorpe are repeating their success in "Quiet Wedding" as Mrs. and Mr. Royd in Esther McCracken's "Quiet Week-End," now playing at Wyndham's Theatre. As the bustling hostess, obsessed by jam-making and the plumbing, Marjorie Fielding manages the rather floating population of her country cottage with tact and humour, and is the controlling factor on the stage from beginning to end



A second, and this time successful, proposal made by Adrian Barrasford (Frank Cellier) to Mary (Gladys Boot) is interrupted by Arthur Royd (George Thorpe). Frank Cellier does an excellent caricature of the local J.P., neighbour and old friend of the Royds, dragged into a salmon-poaching escapade against his will



Denys Royd watches with amusement a slight scrap between his "latest," Rowena Marriott (Jeanne Stuart), and little Miranda Bute (Glynis Johns). Since we last saw her as the bridesmaid in "Quiet Wedding," Glynis Johns has grown up a lot, and as Miranda, hopelessly in love with Denys, suffering agonies of jealousy on account of Rowena, she plays a rather emotional part with great charm. Jeanne Stuart is Rowena, the film star, who relinquishes Denys with good grace and little regret, remarking: "It was lovely while it lasted." (A review by Mr. Farjeon is on the opposite page)

Family Wrangle

Jim and Marcia Brent (Geoffrey Denys and Gwynne Whitby) disagree about golf and the publicity value of their infant son, whose arrival was forecast in "Quiet Wedding." Finally, Jim shows the stuff he is made of, and peace is restored

Photographs by
Angus McBean



Mother and Daughter

Ella Spender (Dorothy Batley), the pessimistic village busybody, organises the village concert without much hope of its ultimate success. Her precocious little daughter Sally (Gabrielle Blunt), suffering in a creation of the local dress-maker, is finally arranged before the performance



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Charity Premiere

THE premiere of *Fantasia* at the New Gallery was in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. The Duke of Kent, in naval uniform, arrived exactly on time, with Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten. Crowds on the pavement outside watched them arrive.

The film has already been "mentioned" ceaselessly by one and all. I loved most of it, especially the abstract Bach bit, though someone with a hang-over found it fitted in much too well with the way they felt. Thistledown sylphides in the "Nut-cracker" suite were very effective; it was grand seeing darling Mickie as the Sorcerer's Apprentice; the end of the Rite of Spring, where the prehistoric monsters are dying of thirst and scorching heat, is marvellous. The Pastoral is, of course, ruined by the centaurs and Bacchus, but the Dance of the Hours is terribly funny burlesque, and Night on Bald Mountain nice and creepy-crawly and clanking with horrors, though the Ave Maria stuff was a bit banal.

Someone there who looked attractive was Countess de Bendor—Lady Patricia Douglas that was. She was wearing black, with white flowers in her hair. Her husband used to be John de Forest, once amateur golf champion. Lady Reading and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Rufus-Isaacs, were there too.

People About

THAT night the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill were dining at the Mirabell, in a party which included

Mr. Brendan Bracken. Mrs. Randolph Churchill was also dining there, in another party.

Other people about in London lately include the Duke of Devonshire, eating at Prunier's, where Lord and Lady Ampthill were too, also Lord John Hope, Sir Philip Brunner, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles McGregor. Mrs. Thurston, who was Mary Rose Charteris, third of three lovely sisters—the other two are the Ladies O'Neill and Long—wears an attractive little bonnet, tying under the chin.

Private Film Show

SO many people turned up for the private showing of the film about Poland, called *The White Eagle*, that it had to be run through twice, as there was not accommodation for them all at once.

Besides critics, including Mr. Agate himself, there was an interesting audience: M. Spaak, Belgian Minister, M. Bech, of Luxembourg, M. Stronski, Polish Minister of Information, the Norwegian Minister, Mr. Colban, Mr. Rasmussen, of the Danish Legation, Polish Minister Stanczyk, the Czech Chargé d'Affaires and Mrs. Lisicky, the British Ambassador to the Polish Government, Sir Cecil Dormer and Lady Dormer, Lady Fletcher and Lady Hoare.

Leslie Howard, who does the commentary in the film, was there, in what looked like a white shirt and tie, also Derrick de Marney, co-producer with E. Cenkalski. Mr. de Marney is well known in plays and films—was the young Mr. Disraeli, and with Nova Pilbeam in *The Tudor Rose*.

Hero

THE film is quite a short documentary about Polish life in this country under the blitz. Chief character is a little Polish Boy Scout, Andrew, who arrived here almost miraculously after a hazardous escape from Poland, and it covers the activities of General Sikorski's Cabinet, the Polish Army, Navy and Air Force, Red Cross, and, in fact, all the many and energetic Polish doings over here.

The music has been arranged by Mr. B. Leitgeber, First Secretary to the Polish Embassy in London. He has just published a clever book about London in the Polish language, called *Londyn*. It is illustrated with charcoal drawings by the author.

Wedding

A LONDON wedding was between Captain R. G. Pollok-McCall and Miss Pamela Gibson. He is in the Black Watch, and she is the daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson, who live in Berkshire. A brother-officer of the bridegroom, Mr. J. V. Jardine-Paterson, was best man, and the bride had a little page, Dominic Barrington Browne, a little girl, Elizabeth Ward, and one grown-up bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Diana Gibson.

Among the many guests were Sir Frederick and Lady Gascoigne, Sir Walter Buchanan-Smith, General and Mrs. Chaplin, and Brigadier-General L. P. Evans.

With all this calling-up it will soon be a job arranging for bride's and bridegroom's leave to coincide.

And a Country One

IN Worcestershire Squadron-Leader Lord Dudley married Miss Kirsten Albrechtsen, of North Jutland, Denmark. The bride, who has been over here since the outbreak of war, had her London flat wrecked in one of the air raids. To be married, she wore a combination of ice blue and navy blue, with a shoulder spray of pink roses. There were quantities of R.A.F. people there, and Lord Dudley's brother-officers gave a silver salver.

The bride was given away by Squadron-Leader Gordon, and the best man was



At "Fantasia"

Miss Patricia Wills and the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, wife of Lord Iliffe's heir, were two of the large socialite audience that went to the "Fantasia" premiere. It was in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund



A Quartet at the Lansdowne

The Earl of Warwick, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Terence Weldon, and Flt.-Lieut. Terence Weldon were at the Lansdowne together one evening. Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Weldon are sisters, and Mrs. Weldon, who was Miss Suzanne Hopkinson, was a July bride. She and her airman husband, who is Sir Anthony Weldon's youngest brother, were married two weeks ago in Sussex, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hopkinson, live at Kingston Gorse

Wing-Commander May, A.F.C. Guests included Lady Deerhurst, Lady Aylesford, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lygon, Mrs. Charles Coventry, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Weir, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Grice-Hutchinson, Lady Barbara Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Townsend, and lots more.

They have come to London for the honeymoon, the bride wearing grey, with a white hat, for the journey.

Successful Occasion

THE ball at the Compleat Angler at Marlow, in aid of the South London Hospital for Women, was an enormous success, and impressive sums of money were raised by the auction.

The Queen sent a handbag, which was bought by Baroness Dorndorf for £25. A hat was bought by Richard Greene, the film actor, who afterwards gave it to Valerie Hobson; Mrs. Murray, Chairman of the hospital, bought a dress for £25; and a bottle of champagne, American auctioned by Baroness Dorndorf, raised £35, so there was certainly money about.

Valerie Hobson collected a splendid bundle of blankets for the hospital from Miss Vansittart-Neale, at Bisham Abbey, her home (now a Red Cross convalescent home of which she is Commandant).

Famous cabaret stars who gave their services, and were much enjoyed, were Inga Andersen, Gabrielle Brune, Jack and Daphne Barker, Valerie Hobson, and Company Sergeant Major Max Bradley.

The show was compered by Jack Jackson—who played—and John Steel, and people who brought parties included Lady Priscilla Aird, Lady Edward Hay, Mrs. George Murray, Miss Green-Wilkinson, Lady Mayo, and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh.

Ballet

THE ballet is back for a short season, and with a full orchestra again, which is lovely. Packed houses for all performances, and although so many of the men have been called up there is still the wonderful Mr. Helpmann, and they manage very well considering. Old favourites like *Giselle* can be done with the minimum of men, and

Margot Fonteyn gave a wonderful performance in that, especially the mad bit in the first act. Pamela May, too, was lovely as Queen of the Wilis, those fluttering young women in white hung about with ivy.

Lady Iris O'Malley was in a box, wearing blue, with a beautiful aquamarine clip and ring, and Mrs. David Dear and Miss Susan North were there the same day.

"V" Film

A NUMBER of British film people who escaped from France are just completing a short film called *The Sign of Victory*, dealing with the "V" sign which is appearing everywhere in occupied Europe. The incidents in the picture are based on facts recently obtained from the editor of the film, G. Grace, who only a few weeks ago arrived here from France.

The picture is produced and directed by Albert Cafr, which is the nom-de-film of a well-known producer who still has relatives over in France. A Russian princess, also with relatives still over there, is taking part, and among the incidents there is one of a French girl in a café snubbing a German officer and giving him the name and telephone number of Viviane Verdier, Victoire 0000. The film has been made with the full collaboration of the Free French Forces.

Funny Things

THREE funny things seen in shops and streets. A junk shop of pictures, china and such, with a notice in the window saying: "Invest In Art." Picture of old family trustees chucking aside the gilt-edgeds in favour of the (maybe) Ming vase, and faded oil flower picture which flanked the notice.

And those coal-hole lids in pavements, from which the whimsy conjure bears to pounce on those who tread on the lines on the pavements: suddenly there was one with "Jump" written on it in brass letters. What can it mean?

Finally, three collars, all the starched, straight up sort, with turned over corners, but labelled, with grand distinction, "Major," "Duke" and "Earl."



By Clipper from the U.S.A.

Mrs. William Fiske arrived home recently by Clipper from America. She is the widow of Pilot-Officer W. L. M. Fiske, who was the first American-born pilot to be killed in the Battle of Britain last year. Mrs. Fiske, who went to the U.S.A. to visit her mother-in-law, has been working for British War Relief in New York. She tried to return for the unveiling of the memorial to her husband in St. Paul's Cathedral, but was unable to get accommodation in time. Mrs. Fiske was formerly the Countess of Warwick.



An Airman and His Wife

Pilot-Officer and Mrs. Keith Stevens were a recently married couple dining at the Lansdowne. He is in the R.A.F.V.R., and has broadcast about a bombing trip over Germany. Mrs. Stevens was Miss Cherry Barnes before her May wedding, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barnes, of Hatchford Hall, Cobham, Surrey.



The Hon. Michael Astor and Lady Elizabeth Scott

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's elder daughter was at the Lansdowne with the third son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor's four sons. Lady Elizabeth Scott is nineteen this year. The Hon. Michael Astor, who is twenty-five, is in the Royal Artillery.

Swabe

War Work and

A Tea-Car in London, a Canteen in
Wiltshire, a Garden Fête in Scotland



An American Tea-Car from Hampstead Splinters



Shell splinters collected in Hampstead and auctioned in America came back across the Atlantic in the shape of a shining new mobile tea-car, which has been presented to the Y.M.C.A. Mrs. Peter Latham, Mrs. Martin Scanlon, wife of the American Air Attaché, and Lady Fremantle are the tea-drinkers above. Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle handed over the tea-car to the Y.M.C.A. Miss Milligan, of the Exeter, Philadelphia, group of the British War Relief Society, was splinter-seller-in-chief in America

Left: Pamela Lady Glenconner was hostess at Admiral's House, Hampstead, when the "splinter tea-car" was presented by the British War Relief Society of America to the Y.M.C.A.

Sandwich Corner at a Cirencester Canteen



A Garden Fête in Scotland

Lady Angela Dawnay and Lady Rachel Scott were stall-holders at a garden fête at Selkirk in aid of the Cripples' Welfare Association. Lady Angela Dawnay is the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest sister, and Lady Rachel Scott is the wife of the Duke's brother, Lord William Scott, M.P.



Miss Mary Ellis, the actress, and Mrs. Murray, Commandant of the Selkirk V.A.D., sold tea-tickets at the fête in aid of the Cripples' Welfare Association. Mary Ellis is Mrs. Jock Roberts in private life

Lady Cotter, the Hon. Mrs. George Ward (Ann Capel that was), Mrs. de Fréville, and Miss Jean Henderson are the four workers on the left. They were photographed on the day that Queen Mary paid a visit to the Cirencester Y.M.C.A. canteen for the troops, of which Mrs. de Fréville is the chief organiser

Photographs by W. Dennis Moss

Charities Department

A Dinner-Dance at Marlow in Aid of
the South London Hospital for Women



Mrs. Antony Acton and Mr. Wijk, of the Swedish Legation, were at the Marlow party. Mrs. Acton's husband is hon. treasurer of the Hospital, for which the party was given



Miss Mary Birkin, Lady Edward Hay's elder daughter, was at Marlow with her fiancé, Captain Samuel Luckyn Buxton. He is in the 17th-21st Lancers, but is attached to a Yeomanry Regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps. Their engagement was announced a fortnight ago

In the party on the right are Miss Deborah Green-Wilkinson, Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, Lady Margaret Alexander, Mr. Hugh Luttrell, Mr. H. R. Gough, Lady Priscilla Aird, Wing-Commander Feilden, and Mrs. R. Turner. Lady Priscilla Aird and Miss Green-Wilkinson are Governors of the Hospital, and helped to organise the party

Originally an Elizabethan Water Fête was planned for July 26th at Marlow, in aid of the South London Hospital, but in the end the organisers—the Hon. Mrs. Murray, Lady Priscilla Aird and Miss Deborah Green-Wilkinson heading them—decided to turn it into a dinner-dance at the Compleat Angler. The room was full to capacity (140), and besides the profit on ticket-sales, over £100 was handed to the Hospital from the auction of gifts. An evening bag presented by the Queen fetched £25 of this total. More about the party, and the first-class cabaret arranged for it, in "Social Round-about"



Sitting by the weir-fall which fills the Compleat Angler's garden with watery sounds are the Matron of the South London Hospital, its chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, Lord Cowdray's twin sister, and its hon. treasurer, Mr. Antony Acton, whose wife is a cousin of Mrs. Murray

Photographs by Swaebe



The Dowager Countess of Mayo, Flt.-Lieut. H. Johnson, and Baroness Dorndorf were three more guests. Baroness Dorndorf bought for £25 the lovely evening bag (on the table, right) which was presented by the Queen for auction for the South London Hospital. She was formerly Miss "Andy" Patten, a well-known racing motorist



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I only asked her because she doesn't take sugar"

RADIO-COLONEL BRITTON'S "V" campaign seems to be getting a little out of hand on the home front, where it is quite unnecessary. As a citizen recently complained to the *Daily Mail*, that care-free invitation to the populace to "V" everything within reach is already affording rich sport to the type of Yahoo who enjoys scratching things on the glossy backs of cars with bits of sharp brick.

Children and toughs killed the beaver movement a few years ago, if you remember. It began as a polite and discreet diversion, lunatic but quite harmless, and soon developed into a raucous yelling of insults which the bearded population from King Beavers downwards greatly resented. We didn't blame the beavers, either; their self-inflicted mystery punishment is quite enough to go on with. Similarly, Colonel Britton seems to have forgotten the fatal propensity of the Fourth Form to lose its head when given such a heaven-sent opportunity to express itself. Or perhaps he has never seen a noble mediæval alabaster effigy or a gracious ruined arch covered with tributes from the free and enlightened?

Afterthought

MEANWHILE a lot of people seem still to be hanging back and refusing these delights. Into our pensive mind floats a half-remembered couplet by somebody, probably Maurice Baring:

Like many of the Upper Class
He loved the sound of broken glass.
which should surely give the B.B.C.
another rattling good idea, don't
you think? No? How would it
be if we gave you a great abrasion
with a toy buzz-saw we have?

Temperament

RAYMOND GRAM SWING'S remark over the air the other night that war-scarred London is less agitated and morbid than New York was a charming tribute. But he might have defended his native city at the same time, by sympathetically mentioning just why so many more of its inhabitants are ripe for the nut-house even in normal times than Londoners.

Fascinating and friendly as New York is, no observer can doubt that it possesses more citizens with a permanent dingo than London; citizens with an odd, strained, runcible look, liable at any moment to weep, or break into a highpitched crow of laughter, or sock you one. Obvious reasons are the racial mixture, the swift and deafening New York tempo, a crisper air, quicker brains (and, in some cases, fists and firearms), intense heat and cold, bawling policemen, dizzy blondes, mirific hangovers, and above all the suspicion, latent in every true New Yorker's mind, that everybody else is about to put on dog, side, or flafa. (Nervestrain on this account is rare in other egalitarian

centres, like Paris, though not unknown, they say, in Sydney.) The slower, lazier goodhumour of the Old Kent Road in such circumstances finds a vent in sarcasm, the more vivacious East Side expresses itself in terms of halfbricks.

The agitating New York influence on such genial, resigned philosophers as Mr. Robert Benchley is also noteworthy. Mr. Benchley once admitted to us that he is terrified to death of guinea-fowl, and spends half his life in taxis, dodging them.

Gaffer

BEHIND that heartwarming demand of Norfolk farm workers for extra beef and beer for the harvesting, and none of your damned vitamin-pills and kickshaws, we can't help seeing the lean, bronzed, somewhat menacing figure of our old buddy Henry ("Tarka the Otter") Williamson, the only Nature authority we know who ever had the guts to relinquish pen for hayfork and tackle Mother Nature singlehanded down on the farm (for G. S. ["Farmer's Glory"]) Street was a farmer before he started writing those agreeable books).

Gaffer Williamson, whose manful struggles with the Norfolk loam have been recently described by himself, was always one of the few Nature boys who (a) never got their stuff off the backs of cigarette-cards, and (b) never put a painfully highclass style across the public like the chap in Evelyn Waugh's lovely satire *Scoop* ("Feather-footed through the plashy fen passes the questing vole ...").

So far as we know the Gaffer's friendship with Lawrence of Arabia—with whom he was due to lunch on the day of Lawrence's fatal motor-bike smash, incidentally making the last entry in Lawrence's diary—has never affected his prose, which is good English Decorated, with a touch of the Baroque. On the other hand, if the local tribesmen wanted rousing we guess Gaffer Williamson would be just the sheik to handle and lead them.

A disturbing taste in cowboy flannel shirts is one of the Gaffer's means of self-expression, not only while actually engaged in tilling the soil but on his rare and slightly overbearing visits to Town. Our feeling is that this costume only embarrasses and confuses Mother Nature, who would vastly prefer in normal times to see Gaffer Williamson round town of a night in those immaculate evening clothes (as the gossip-boys say) in which we have seen Gaffer Street before

(Concluded on page 194)



"And don't forget John, if they do come, you have a perfect right to defend yourself"



Bobby Howes makes his hay while the sun shines, and the strawberries also come in for some attention



Haymaking in a Heat Wave

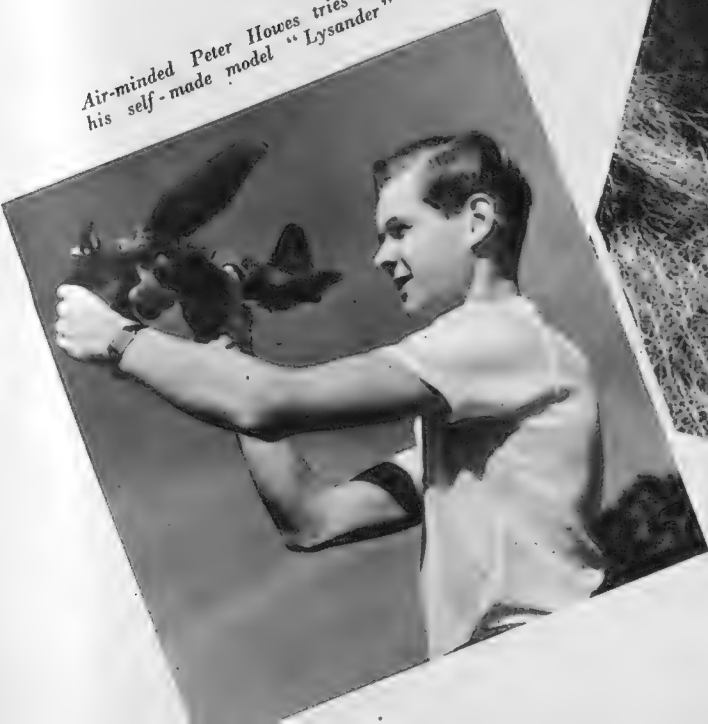
Bobby Howes Puts in Some Land Work between Shows

The Howes family were blitzed out of London, so they now live in their country cottage at West End, near Essendon, Herts. Bobby Howes and his wife, who was on the stage as Pat Malone, find it a whole-time job keeping the family in vegetables and fruit. They get up at 6 o'clock every morning, and work till the sun goes down, or until Bobby takes the 4.30 train to town to play the lead in *Shephard's Pie*, at the Princes Theatre. Bobby Howes served four years in the Army in the last war, and would like to be back in khaki in this one



Bobby and Pat take a short rest by the lily-pond in the two-o'clock midday sun

Air-minded Peter Howes tries out his self-made model "Lysander"



Sally Anne does her bit with the hayfork

The Howes children, Peter and Sally Anne, both lend a hand in cultivating their father's seven-acre estate. Peter, who is seventeen, is waiting impatiently to join the Air Force as soon as the authorities permit. He is an expert on model aircraft, and makes his own full-scale models—and they fly

Standing By ...

(Continued)

now at a smart literary crush. Remind us to ask "Mélisande" of the *Farmers' Weekly*.

Enemy

PEREGRINE falcons on the western Scottish coast, it appears, are on the Air Ministry's black-list and may be shot. Their habit of stooping—if we have the mystic jargon right—at R.A.F. pigeons with important messages is responsible.

This is the most spectacular news of our feathered chums' activities on the enemy's side so far. Wood-pigeons have been quietly doing their bit to ruin the crops, jays and some kind of tit (? blue) carry on doggedly with the green peas and raspberries, and there may be other birdies working modestly for the Nazi régime as well. But falcons are fierce, splendid fowl, the one-time sporting favourites of nobles and kings, and John Buchan, who knew something about falconry, could have turned this news-item into a rattling spy story. We can see Dick Hannay bowling over the Chief of the Falconers one evening on the lonely Scottish rocks from here. And who is that mysterious one-eyed little Bosnian cheesewife with the wooden leg? Sandy What's-his-name, by any chance? You don't say!

Falcons were graven deeply on our memory once for all some years ago, when, as four exhausted men shattered with hunger and quarrelling were trying to get some sleep in a Spanish train climbing endlessly into the High Pyrenees, one of their number, a naturalist, leaped up suddenly and pointed out, crying "A buzzard! A buzzard!" It was a falcon, or a roc, or a phoenix, or something. Anyway it started another fiendish row, the debate is still unfinished, and as the naturalist is now digging for

victory (see above) we wouldn't care to start something all over again.

Fracas

PROPOS which, looking after the welfare of our dumb or feathered chums seems to make people curiously "edgy." Halfway through a given meeting Dame Tabitha Cake—such is our vague impression—suddenly hauls off and knocks Major Blasting bowlegged off the platform. Miss Peewit then beans Mrs. Miffin-Towzer with the water-carafe, Lady Gowlle wades instantly into Miss Rumpkin, and a free-for-all takes place, followed by the inevitable lawsuit.

Meditating on this unfortunate state of affairs and a recent legal action, we wondered that the sad, kind, gentle eyes of cows, the long, noble, M.C.C.-like faces of horses, and the faery twitterings of tittlebats do not haunt the belligerents reproachfully as they struggle. An Australian friend assures us they probably do, and succeed only in exacerbating the combatants. In fact, he said, our dumb chums' pans often have a very enervating effect indeed. He instanced cases of sheep-farmers in the back-blocks who go hopping crazy after being surrounded by millions of sheep's faces for months on end, and he added that this may even be one thing which makes Australian troops such ramping devils on the field of battle. (Compare those professional orators who begin to scream and shake their fists almost before they've taken a second look at their supporters. Compare also the hideous grimaces often made at West End audiences by little actresses.)

Rite

THE Speaker of Congress has ordered the words "applause" and "loud applause" to be dropped henceforth from the Congressional Record; soundly, we think.

Everyone who has listened to members of Britain's awful Senate (Young) mumbling

at large knows what a queer shock these words often convey in print next day. "Cheers" is even more misleading. You connect it with huge frank hairy-chested men giving iron lungs joyous play; what you actually hear is an odd whiffing, whickering noise like a lot of Zoo mandrills searching for a lost peanut.

"Loud applause" is, of course, of two kinds, broadly speaking: (1) purely mechanical, marking the end of a phrase and the ritual pause customary to professional orators, and (2) an expression of relief and sympathy, also ritual, employed by British audiences when the soprano's final deafening shriek has subsided and she is seen to be still intact, poor sweet.

"Applause," heard at its best at public dinners and made by stuffed figures languidly beating their palms together in a coma, generally means nothing at all.

Claque

THE professional claque, as engaged by French actors and British politicians generally deceives nobody, owing to its absurd vigour. The staff claque at West End first-nights, consisting of everybody not in other employment at the time, from the box-office manager to the tiniest programme-girl, likewise betrays itself in an obvious way. We once met a stout fireman's eye as he was frantically applauding at the back of the pit. The honest fellow's eyes filled with tears of shame. He made an appealing gesture. He made as if to speak. Guessing in advance that he was doing it for an aged mother's sake, we nodded kindly, dodged, and passed quickly on.

Afterthought

LYRICISM, incidentally, is not affected, an authority tells us, by the new Congressional ruling (above). Unlike M.P.s, Congressmen frequently break into original verse and it all goes down in the Records. A celebrated example is that of Congressman H. C. Canfield on the accident some years ago to U.S. Submarine S4:

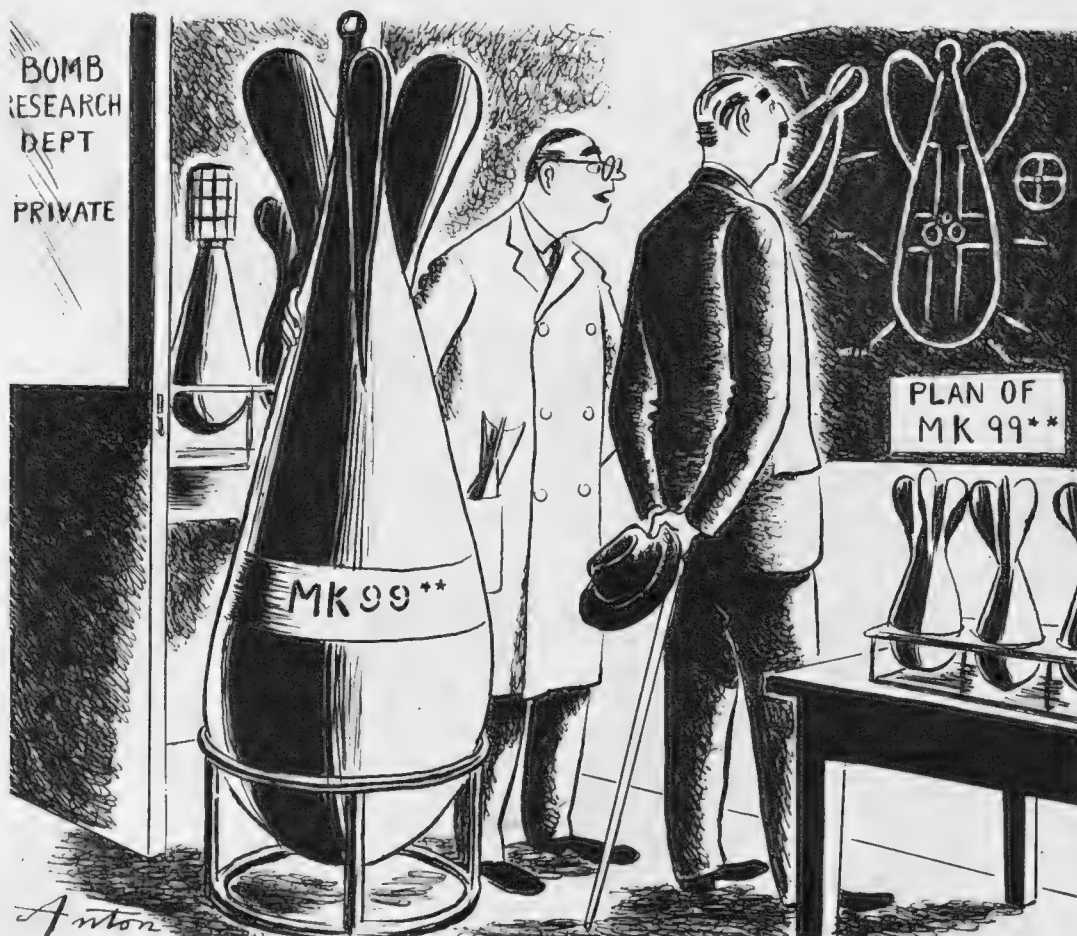
Entrapped inside the submarine,
With death approaching on the scene,
The crew compose their minds to dice,
More for the pleasure than the vice.

Master

SURVEYING current German music, a critic has observed that no new Wagner has arisen as yet to glorify with brassy noise the conquest of Europe—and especially of Greece—by the old German gods. He didn't mention August Bungert, so that master may be retired or dead. His career conveys an obvious moral.

Maestro Bungert, who believed himself to be Wagner's apostolic successor, studied the *Iliad*, composed a Germano-Homeric operacycle in the 1900's, and cried loudly for a new Bayreuth to be built to his glory on the Rhine. Maestro Bungert's opus turning out on inspection to be huge but not interesting, like the western half of an elephant, he faded away, showing that even among squareheaded Nordic megalomaniacs size isn't invariably everything. If there is any representative of the Epics Dept. of the booksy racket in the house, will he, or she, kindly take a running jump into the Thames?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's such an ingeniously simple mechanism—I know it's going to make lots of friends"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"I reckon the time 'as come when them Russians wouldn't mind seein' a million British soldiers passin' through Moscow, with mud on their boots"

The Simple Life

Valerie Hobson Looks
After the Kitchen Front

The Havelock Allens have a charming little cottage, Hawksgrove, conveniently near Denham Studios. It is built entirely of wood, and shows a decidedly Tyrolean influence, even down to the door handles, which are carved in amusing designs. Valerie and her bodyguard Maria cope very efficiently with the food problem, and the garden produces an excellent crop of dandelions for salad. After lunch, Valerie takes the script (or is it the crossword puzzle?) to study on the lawn

Brainwork

Balcony Scene

Valerie Hobson is to star in a *Battle of Britain* picture now being made at Denham. The film is produced by Tony Havelock Allen, whom she met while making *This Man is News*, and married in 1939. *Atlantic Ferry*, recently shown in London, is another of his productions in which his wife played the lead. Valerie, well known in English films, has refused tempting offers from Hollywood, as she doesn't want to leave her husband while there is a war on, but finds many ways to help the war effort at home. An expressive speaker at recruiting meetings for women's services and in aid of comforts for the Forces, organiser of a blanket fund for a London hospital, an energetic committee worker and so on, she still manages to run her house, feed her husband, and entertain her friends in the intervals of film-making

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

With the Aid of Mrs. Beeton



Choosing Dandelions for the Salad is an Art

Mothers and Children



Bassano

Mrs. Alastair Timpson and Nicholas

Mrs. Alastair Timpson's son, Nicholas George Lawrence, was born this year. His mother was Miss Phoebe Houstoun-Boswall before her marriage in 1940, and is the daughter of the late Captain Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, Bt., who was killed in the last war, and Naomi Lady Houstoun-Boswall, of Foliejohn Cottage, Windsor. Mr. Alastair Timpson is in the Scots Guards

Mrs. Hamish Hamilton and Alastair

Lenarc



Captain and, Mrs. Hamish Hamilton's son was born in May this year and was christened Alastair Ansaldo Hamish two weeks ago, with Dr. Bruno Walter, the conductor, and Mr. Arthur Bryant, the writer, among his godparents. His father is the well-known publisher, and is now serving in the Army. His mother was Countess Yvonne Pallavicino before her marriage last year. The Hamiltons live at Brittenden, Waldron, Kent

Mrs. Giles Mills is the French wife of Lieut. Giles Mills, Fleet Air Arm, and has a small son, George Patrick. She was formerly Mlle. Marianne Soulier, and is the sister of Lady Ashley, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Shaftesbury. She and her husband had an exciting escape from their home at Rouen after the German occupation of France last year



Compton Collie

Lady Pigott-Brown and William Brian

Lady Pigott-Brown is the wife of Captain Sir John Pigott-Brown, Bt., Coldstream Guards, of Broome Hall, Holmwood, Surrey. She was Miss Helen Viola Egerton Cotton before her marriage last year, and is the daughter of Captain G. F. Egerton Cotton, of Tarporley, Cheshire. Her son, William Brian, was born in January. Her husband, who succeeded his grandfather as second Baronet in 1922, was wounded last year

Mrs. Giles Mills and George Patrick

Bassano





Marcus Adams

Mrs. N. E. FitzPatrick and Shanet

Shanet Vanessa Eve FitzPatrick is the year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Edward FitzPatrick, who were married in 1939. Captain FitzPatrick is in the Irish Guards, and his home is Granston Manor, Ballacolla, Eire. Mrs. FitzPatrick was Miss Denise Weisweiler, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Weisweiler, and a niece of Sir Victor Sassoon



Bassano

Mrs. Michael Asquith

Mrs. Michael Asquith is the wife of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith's elder son, was Miss Diana Battye before her 1938 wedding, and is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel P. L. M. Battye, M.C., Royal Fusiliers. Her daughter, Annabel Laura Marguerita, was born in 1939. Mrs. Asquith is busy with W.V.S. work, and her husband is serving with an ambulance unit



Annabel Asquith



Bassano

Mrs. Wolf Bentinck and Guy Rudolf

Another 1940 bride was Miss Yvonne Street, daughter of Colonel Harold Street, who married Commander Wolf Bentinck, R.N., only son of Admiral Sir Rudolf and Lady Bentinck, of Winklebury Hill, Basingstoke. Guy Rudolf is Commander and Mrs. Bentinck's baby son

Lady George Scott and Georgina Mary

Georgina Mary Scott, born last November, is the daughter of Major Lord George Scott, 10th Hussars, and Lady George Scott, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Buccleuch, and great-niece of the Earl of Bradford. Her mother was Miss Molly Bishop before she married the present Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother in 1938

Ismay Taylor



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Book of An Eager Spirit

I MUST confess that I greatly prefer someone with a finer sense of self-expression than that with which the average Englishman is credited. Even if it leads to emotionalism, I prefer it. One wearies, for example, of the guest who enjoys himself though you would never guess it at the time. I like people when they are in love to be in love—and show it. In the same way, give me every time a person with a quick temper rather than the one whose anger smoulders so that it is scarcely indistinguishable from a mood. I like enthusiasm. I like the man who is not ashamed, for some strange reason, of his enthusiasms. Even if they are short-lived, life, for a short while, has been lent an eagerness which is very catching. A man or woman without some engrossing hobby is rarely worth knowing. Usually, because there is so very little to know. Even "shop" never bores me, unless the "shop" remains open all the time and everything and everybody is regarded through the glass of the shop window.

Without enthusiasm it seems to me that no one ever gets anywhere, nor is of much

psychological interest in the process of remaining chillingly "put." It is always more than half the charm of youth. Youth without a general kind of eagerness to discover new worlds, or even to enjoy those already discovered, is like living and talking with some staid middle-aged man whom one feared must have had "dullness" written all over him from birth. The worst of it is, moreover, so many of the other kind feel a subconscious conceit in thus never showing any sort of feeling. Really one should only hide one's sorrows; one's joys should be blazoned abroad. It lends fun to life, even though the fun be merely fictitious. I like the man who will try anything once—be it simply some small experience. We can't all go romping over the inhabited globe, but to marvel and to delight in the first primrose seen in spring lends a joyful eagerness to the otherwise commonplace everyday, even if you have to enjoy the thrill by yourself, as, in parenthesis, you usually have to.

So, though the travel-books written by Richard Halliburton may not be anywhere near the "head" of that type of literature, I loved them for the evident fun and en-

joyment and thrill they gave him while writing them. His was an eager spirit indeed. How eager may be realised if you read his own life story: *Richard Halliburton* (Geoffrey Bles; 15s.), as built up from his letters to his parents and a few of his closest friends. For this is a kind of autobiography - by - letters; letters linked to each other by explanations of how they came to be written and in what circumstances.

A Short Life of Adventure

TO be quite honest this book is not of progressive interest. As Halliburton became famous, as his so-called "stunts" became the major part of his adventurous equipment, so his letters become more professional and less self-revealing. His work fills his life. The complete joy in trying anything unusual or dangerous seems at last to become more a professional necessity rather than the outcome of a limitless youthful eagerness avid of new experiences.

His parents were always his closest confidants — without



Acting at Oxshott

Leading lady of a new village theatre, the Oxshott Village Theatre Group, is Mrs. Monica Disney Ullman, who was formerly on the London stage, and is now the wife of Captain Victor Ullman, of the Close, Esher, Surrey. Mrs. Ullman is also part author of a play produced by the Group, which gives its profits to local charities and does much to entertain troops in the neighbourhood.



Acting at Stratford

Margaretta Scott is the leading lady of the Shakespeare Festival Company at Stratford this year. "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Julius Caesar" are among the plays she has appeared in. The Festival has been most successful this year, and is running on, as usual, right through the summer

actually being his abettors, for he was their only son. To them he reveals himself in these letters as possibly he could never have revealed himself had he been writing his own autobiography. They understood him — his restless nature, his yearning to break away from the beaten track, to be free, to be untrammelled, to be himself, so far as it is possible in this world where a living has to be made. They were surely the ideal parents for such a youth. We read that he suffered from a weak heart, but they never tried to thwart his ambitions to become a great traveller on account of health. They seemed to share all his enthusiasms, though at times they must have feared for his safety and consequently their own happiness. They knew it would be useless to insist that their son became a business man like his father; so they let him go—knowing all the time that his love for them would eventually bring him back; as, in parenthesis, the wisest parents know, thus resigning themselves to the inevitable.

Their son, however, was adult-minded even in his youth. While still at college he wrote to his father: "Dad, you hit the wrong target when you write that you wish I were at Princetown living 'in the even tenor of my way.' I hate that expression, and as far as I am able I intend to avoid that condition. When impulse and spontaneity fail to make my 'way' as uneven as possible, then I shall sit up nights inventing means of making life as conglomerate and vivid as possible. Those who live in the even tenor of their way simply exist until death ends their monotonous tranquillity. No, there's going to be no even tenor with me. . . . So, Dad, I'm afraid your wish will always come to naught, for my way is to be ever changing, but always swift, acute and leaping from peak to peak instead of following the rest of the herd, shackled in conventionalities,

(Concluded on page 202)



Sir Muirhead Bone has been working at St. John's College, Oxford, where one of his sons is a Fellow and English Tutor. The bust of Gavin Bone as a boy is by Mestrovic, the Serbian sculptor. The pictures are by Mary Adshead, artist wife of Sir Muirhead's artist son, Stephen Bone

War Artist At Work

Sir Muirhead Bone at St. John's College,
Oxford, of Which His Son is a Fellow

Sir Muirhead Bone was appointed official war artist to the Admiralty in January, 1940, with the rank of Hon. Major in the Royal Marines. He is also a member of the small Artists' Advisory Committee which, under Sir Kenneth Clark's chairmanship, chooses war artists and war pictures, and exhibits the latter for the Ministry of Information. An enormous debt is owed both by painters and public to Sir Muirhead and his colleagues for their part in promoting the flow of art and pictorial documentation—vital, varied and often supremely good—to the National Gallery exhibitions, and thence to the provinces and overseas. Sir Muirhead Bone has himself contributed many drawings and paintings to these exhibitions. Among his latest, now at the National Gallery, are a masterly and detailed study of bombed London called "St. Bride's and the City after the Fire," a fine drawing of an aircraft carrier, and pictures of minesweepers at work. He was the first war artist to be given commissioned rank in the last war, was at first attached to Intelligence G.H.Q. in France, but soon went to work on the pictures of ships and sailors and shipyards which are his natural love both in war and peace. He has, incidentally, a brother who is a Master Mariner and a writer on sea subjects. James Bone, London editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, is another member of this brilliant Glasgow family. Sir Muirhead and his wife, who is a writer, have their home at Grayflete, Ferry Hinksey, near Oxford

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

along the monotonous narrow path in the valley. The dead have reached perfection when it comes to even tenor!"

His Life of Adventure

THOSE who have already read Richard Halliburton's books of travel and adventure will remember the kind of deliberate "daring-do" he accomplished. Many of these letters reveal the germ of these adventurous ideas which filled his head and which he put into execution later on. But the main interest of most of these letters lies in the impression which various parts of the world made on a youthful, eager mind. In them we see countries such as England; France, Germany, Italy, Egypt, India and other lands as they first struck this impressionable young man. Superficial they may be, but they are jolly and companionable—rather like going here and there in the company of an eager, intelligent youth.

Perhaps because he was not in his natural element his account of his lecture tours in the States and the actual writing of his books make duller reading. But, even so, all over the place the same eagerness for new experiences breaks in. That his last adventure was to cost him his life, when in the "Sea Dragon" he left Hong Kong and was never heard of again, seems a sad, yet somehow appropriate, end to a life which was so full of youthful joy and youthful enthusiasm that middle-age might have constituted a real prison. This book

is therefore an unusually complete record of what must have been a happy life—since Halliburton lived the life of his inner choice to the full.

Realistic Tragedy

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" was, perhaps, among the finest novels which "came out of" the last war. *Flotsam* (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.) by Erich Maria Remarque, is his bitterly tragic story of the great "Peace" which followed. Perhaps, it does not possess quite the same inspired qualities of the earlier book, but with all its grimness, its biting, searing realism, it possesses much the same kind of beauty—beauty that is at once so forlorn to look at, but which hides a kind of grandeur.

There is a story running through the book—the account of how two men: Ludwig Kern, a German student of twenty, whose Jewish father had been ruined by a business rival on account of his nationality, and Josef Steiner, an anti-Nazi who was "wanted" in Germany where he had left behind him a sick wife—met for the first time in a Viennese prison, and how, so long as they lived, their paths crossed, each in the meanwhile having struggled to earn a livelihood against persecution, privation, and the fact that each was, without passport or papers, like a "corpse on parole."

But the main enthralling interest of this book lies in the human surroundings of these hunted men. These are the poor, wretched people, emigrants and refugees, who, also without passports, struggle in the face of every difficulty to live at all. They are German, Russian, Spanish and Italian, mostly Jewish or with Jewish

blood in their veins. Their one need is to obtain some certificate, some permit, which will, so to speak, give them back their identity and enable them to earn a living. Every moment of their lives they are harassed by the police, always existing in fear of arrest. Some of them sink into the lowest form of degradation; others struggle on—peddling bootlaces, trying to sell vacuum cleaners; bartering their education and talents for the smallest sum. Some almost learn to adapt themselves; others find it impossible, especially the intellectuals. The well-known Munich lawyer, for example, who sells his knowledge of the law for fifty groschen. Again, the well-known authority on cancer, who is obliged to go round selling safety-pins, and the equally famous violinist who has a passport, but who is persecuted by officials and police-inspectors and who loses all his inspiration, all his "soul" amid the deadening experience of being an emigrant without a home.

Remarque evidently knows his subject. His story is often pitiful, but never violently bitter. It is a grim picture he paints for us, but there is a certain forlorn beauty about it which is more memorable than if it had been sentimental or heroic. As one of the characters remarks: "Man is magnificent in his extremes—in art, in stupidity, in love, in hate, in egotism, and even in sacrifice; but what the world lacks most is a certain average goodness." Yet however you may react to this account of man's inhumanity to man, it is a novel which you must not miss reading on any account. It holds your attention from beginning to end, even when you feel that here and there you must reserve your own judgment.

Picture of England at War

THE worst of books about the war, whether written subjectively or objectively, is that they tend either to become monotonous, become rather repetitive, or else "ancient history" almost before the ink is dry. *Formidable to Tyrants* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), although the same kind of book has been written before, is interesting simply because the writer's view-point, her "slant" on current affairs and facts is so honest, so thoughtful, so vividly expressed that the theme of the book has a freshness which, for me, was delightfully surprising.

Miss Phyllis Bottome begins her account of her experiences immediately after she landed back in England in June 1940. Her observations of all she saw, all the varied people she met, may really have been written for the main purpose of telling Americans about what is really happening in this country—and the facts, simply because they are true, should make this object brilliantly successful—but it should be almost equally interesting to people over here if only to compare notes and often to enlarge their own vision.

We have accounts of London during air raids, the problem of evacuated children, stories of the great part which women are playing in this war; descriptions of life in the R.A.F. and Army; the town and countryside of England. And through it all there runs a certain moral and spiritual conviction—and this conviction colours every chapter—that those who love human beings, who love peace and goodness, and mercy and justice, hating their opposites, will in the end triumph over evil since the very qualities they stand for are unconquerable and their victory, when it comes, will be quick and, this time, lasting.



National Dresses at a Free French Engagement Party

The engagement was announced a short time ago of Mlle. Cecille Saurat, daughter of Professor Saurat, head of the French Institute in London, to Monsieur Alberto Triat. Her fiancé was a lieutenant of the police in Chile, where his father is head of the French community, and came to England to join General de Gaulle's forces. In the photograph are Professor Saurat, Mlle. Cecille Saurat, Monsieur Alberto Triat, Mme. Saurat, and Mlle. Eveline Saurat

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Lieut. Michael Neville Tufnell, R.N., elder son of Colonel and Mrs. N. C. Tufnell, of Fairfield, Sunninghill, Berks., and Patricia Wynne Chapman, only daughter of the late E. W. Chapman, and Mrs. Tudor-Owen, Woodcote Manor, Alresford, Hants., were married at Winchester Cathedral

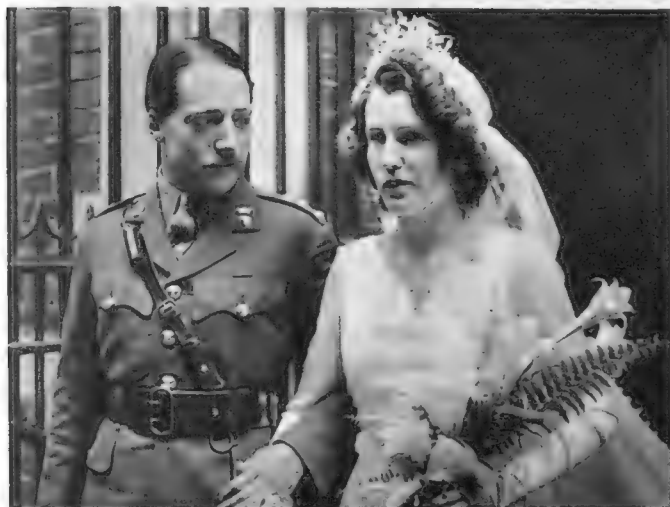
Sec.-Lieut. Robert Todd Mitchell, Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell, of Kettering, and Anita Iona Matthew, daughter of the late Dennis Matthew, and Lady Constance Matthew, and ward of Major Hector Munro-Ferguson of Assynt, were married at St. Anne's, Strathpeffer



Mitchell—Matthew

Lieut. and Mrs. Michael Tufnell

Fayer



Hamilton—Williams Wynn

Captain Hubert Charles Paulet Hamilton, Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hamilton, of Moyne, Queen's County, Eire, was married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Margaret Helen Williams Wynn, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Watkin Williams Wynn, of Hawford Lodge, near Worcester



Pollok-McCall—Gibson

Captain R. G. Pollok-McCall, the Black Watch, and Pamela Gibson, younger daughter of Sir Kenneth Gibson, Bt., and Lady Gibson, of Avington Manor, Hungerford, Berks., were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is the only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. B. Pollok-McCall, of Kindeace, Delny, Ross and Cromarty



Watt—MacDonald

Alexander Peter Fordham Watt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Watt, of Odsey House, Ashwell, Herts., and Prudence Mary Courtenay MacDonald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney MacDonald, of 2, Welbeck House, W.1, and Bardown, Stonegate, Sussex, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street

de Courcy—Beatty

Captain John F. M. de Courcy, the Welch Regiment, elder son of the late Stephen de Courcy, of Doohulla, Co. Galway, and Mrs. de Courcy, of the Little House, Barnsley, Glos., and Norah de Courcy Beatty, elder daughter of Dr. R. P. Beatty, of Swindon House, Old Swindon, Wiltshire, and Mrs. Beatty, were married in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey

(Concluded on page 206)



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Kaiser Wilhelm III.

AN old crony of ancient times has written to me about a paragraph I indited concerning the former Crown Prince of Germany and his antics in India. My friend says that he knows that I know that I have not told the full story, namely, that the whole of this tour was planned with an object very different from one to give Prince Wilhelm a chance to play polo and go out pig-sticking and generally make himself pleasant. My correspondent says that I know that he was really the head of an astute gang of "agents" and that his staff was not picked for its good looks; that his adventure with the Burmese Princess was not only a boyish escapade; that she was a political prisoner, a kinswoman of the execrable King Theebaw, and that the Prince's visit was planned.

Whether it was all a blind or not I don't think matters very much now. Whether I knew or did not know is also immaterial. Then, as now, the Great Game played on a chequer-board of nights and days in which Fate uses men for pieces, was as intriguing as it is to-day to anyone who may be in any way connected with it. I think, however, that my old friend knows as well as I do that our S.S. people were two jumps ahead of the Germans, and that the contents of the telegram in code which was sent to Berlin, alleging that the Crown Prince had been kidnapped, when all the time he was having his interesting adventure with the Burmese Princess, were known in India not many hours after that wire had been received in the German Foreign Office.

I wrote of the Crown Prince as I knew him. He may have been just playing the clown or he may not; anyway, he created a lot of amusement, especially when he insisted upon changing uniforms with an officer of the Royals, who was supposed to be his double, and getting himself

photographed. Poor "Kid" Charrington was a lot better-looking, but I fancy that if this photograph had ever got into the Kaiser's hands "Little Willie" would have been called over the coals very severely.

Sweet Water

THE fact that the conclusion of the recent operations in Syria was celebrated by General Sir "Jumbo" Wilson, General Catroux and the Prime Minister of Lebanon in lemonade has been hailed with satisfaction, almost amounting to unrestrained glee, by even our illustrious contemporary *The Times*, who, so far as one dare presume to judge, rather expected that such an event would be marked by something more like the lusty "Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum on the dead man's chest" methods of Long John Silver, Israel Hands and their black-hearted associates.

But is there such great cause for rejoicing over this lemonade debauch? Is this seemingly innocuous beverage, popular as it may be at the saintly outings of female parishioners, as harmless as it is held up to be? True, it has never been known to produce that condition which on the American film stage is so vividly described as "plastered," but does the lemonade addict acquire that frame of mind which is conducive to bonhomie? In my humble submission it does not, and therefore it hardly merits all that our illustrious friend has said of it, especially when it is coupled with references to raspberryade and cherry-tart.

It is an admitted fact that you can always learn best from a model, and no doubt many besides myself will remember with a shudder a lady (long since, as I hope, of the company of the angels) whose pet name was "Meetapani," which, being translated, means "Sweet Water," or "Lemonade." Whilst holding out to be one of



Escaped from Holland

General Daufresne de la Chevalerie, Commander of a Belgian Army Division, was captured and interned in Holland, and escaped to England via the U.S.A. The general, a brilliant international horseman and football player, often rode at Olympia Horse Shows before the war

those unctuous ones, who was "just too sweet for words," she was, in sober fact, one of the world's prize cats. How many perfectly virtuous mothers suffered from this Sapphira's arithmetical habits! She would say, for instance, "Let me see, they were married last May"; or "Hasn't John been in South America for at least ten months?" And all this in tones that for sheer, cloying glucosity left saccharine far behind. Again, she would praise with faint damns when expressing solicitude for "Your darling girl Phyllis, who is always about with that dreadful Captain Swordnot, who was in hospital with three broken ribs and a collarbone"; and then she would sniff and say how bonny Phyllis was looking. Any horse-dealer will catch the idea! Sapphira simply wallowed in lemonade, and may also have liked cherry-tart.



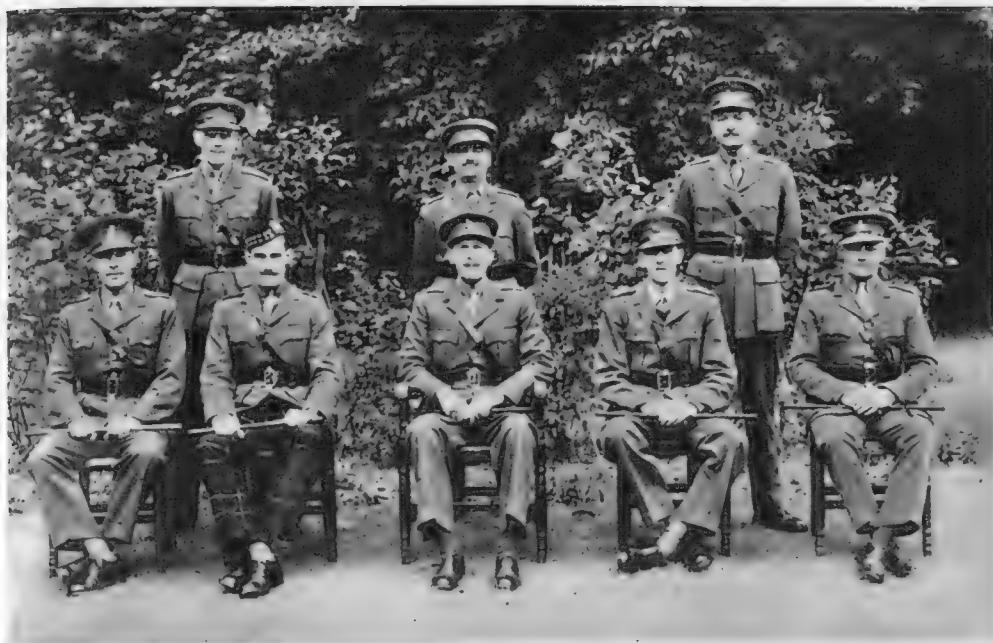
Home Guard Chiefs

Sir Archibald Weigall (centre), who is Chief of the Ascot and District Home Guards, is photographed with two of his staff officers. The Home Guard, raised just a year ago, and now over a million strong, is at the moment engaged in a fortnight of exercises on a vast scale all over the country



Bed-Making General

Many Home Guard Generals, unused to this kind of battle, have been making their beds—and lying on them—while taking a course in methods of modern warfare at a camp somewhere in the south. Brigadier-General Ingledon-Webber gets down to business when the Reveille sounds at 7 a.m.



Officers of an Infantry Brigade Headquarters

(Standing) Lieut. R. List, Captain L. A. Knowles, Lieut. J. Goody; (sitting) Captain D. T. Davis, Major J. Macdonald, the Brigade Commander, Captain K. Wheeler, Captain R. C. Speid-Soote

An Aid to the Turf

SEEMING that wartime race crowds are so heavily salted with innocent young persons, soldiers and such-like, Home Secretaries, etc., to whom the racecourse, its manners and customs, also its language, have hitherto been a closed book, I think that it would be only kind to make some attempt, however inadequate, to provide something in the way of a glossary or book of the words. Racing, and horsey people generally, will be so terribly technical, and use words and phrases which, while perfectly intelligible to their own species, are platt Deutsch to the layman.

Take such a phrase as: "He came with a rattle on the rails, and got up right under the judge's box." This does not mean that the animal in question, after doing a Blondin act on the racecourse rails, suddenly burrowed underground, greatly to the discomfort of the industrious official in the judge's box. It only means that something came with a Sam Chifney rush and pipped the leader by a something whicker bang on the post. But rather than explain things after the popular manner of The Bellman in *The Hunting of the Snark*, these racing people must go and wrap it up in their own cryptic jargon. It is not fair.

Again: "He lay too much out of his ground, and they never came back to him." This does not mean that the inferior judge of pace, after giving his opponents too much start, expected them to turn round and gallop back to him. "He dropped his bit and turned it up, like the duck-hearted brute he is!" This does not really mean that the horse managed to expectorate the bit out of his mouth and stamp on it. The neophyte may also hear something like this: "Give 'im a gallop one day, and the nex' you can throw your 'at through 'im." This is merely the way they have of describing a racehorse who is very delicate and temperamental. He may also hear such things as: "Jockey? Now 'oo the 'ell has bin kiddin' you as you are a jockey?"; or "I'd like to give you a present of a brick 'ouse—one brick at a time!" None of this means what is set down in actual words, and is therefore, as I suggest, rather confusing to all those who are not so horsey as to merit being greeted with a neigh!

If anyone should desire to acquire a

reputation for horsyness I suggest that, as a preliminary, he should learn how to hiss at himself whilst brushing his hair. Walking as if you were wearing a long pair of spurs and very afraid of cutting your socks is also an aid.

"The Leopard Cannot . . ."

" . . . The Anti-Machiavel had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody and desolating war, and all this for no end

whatever except that he might extend his dominions. . . . He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy, to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom. . . . His own words are: 'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me carried the day; and I decided for war.' His habit of canting about moderation, peace, liberty, and the happiness which a good mind derives from the happiness of others, had imposed on some who should have known better."

If the Hess-Sender (wave-length, 31.6 metres) is ever gravelled for matter, I suggest that it should dive into Macaulay's essay on Frederic the Great, from which the above passages are quoted. Save that the present Misleader of Germany is no general, the analogy between his personal character and that of Prussia's historic hero is absolutely complete. Frederic, like his father Frederic William, was a sadist. Frederic said, "guarantees were mere fligree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure." In only one respect where internal policy is concerned does one sadist differ from the other; Frederic never countenanced religious intolerance, excepting where the Jews were concerned. "Hess-Sender" at the moment is expending a good deal of its force in invective; its blows would gain in punch if it studied the analogy which exists between the private characters of Frederic and Hitler; both politically and personally quite destitute of the ethical sense. Frederic William in the early times of the Kingdom of Prussia suffered severely from the inferiority complex because the other sovereign states of Europe cold-shouldered him. Many of his quite senseless acts of cruelty can be attributed to this cause. The same can be said of Frederic the Great, his son, and of Hitler.



Heading for Home on a Sussex Farm

An old hand and a new recruit to the Women's Land Army return to the farm on the back of their fellow worker. Olive Stuart, up in front, was formerly studying music, but has been doing land work for a year as carter and spare cowman, while Susan Whitcombe has been learning the job some five weeks now. The Women's Land Army, which is doing such excellent work, has the Queen as its patron

Getting Married (Continued)



Pheils—McCaughey

Dr. Murray Theodore Pheils, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Pheils, of 92, Newhall Street, Birmingham, and Unity Louise McCaughey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. McCaughey, of Covee, Jerilderie, New South Wales, Australia, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Mrs. L. P. Cocks

Harlip

Mavis Rosita Outram Wilkins, daughter of the late Major C. F. Wilkins, and Mrs. Wilkins, of Firlands Lodge, Camberley, Surrey, was married last month to Major Leonard Patrick Cocks, R.A., son of the late G. A. Cocks, Insp.-Gen. of Police, Punjab, and Mrs. Cocks, of Sylwood, Camberley



Bragg—Hucker

Bombardier Jack L. Bragg, R.A., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bragg, of Dene Hollow, Solihull, Warwickshire, and Peggy Hucker, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hucker, of Durey Dene, Solihull, were married at Solihull Parish Church



Reynolds—Gimson

Guy Lewis Reynolds, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh L. Reynolds, of Dargle, Natal, and Monica Stanford Gimson, eldest daughter of the late Harold Gimson, and Mrs. Gimson, of Dane-way, Leiston, Suffolk, were married at St. Andrew's, Dargle, Natal



Mrs. J. H. Collins

Sybil Ann Hodsoll, daughter of Wing Commander E. J. Hodsoll, of Aubrey House, Riverside, Twickenham, and the late Mrs. Hodsoll, was married at Twickenham to Capt. John Humphrey Collins, Royal Corps of Signals, son of Brig. and Mrs. L. P. Collins, of Beechcroft, Goring, Oxon.



Coote—McKnight

Captain Brian Coote, Northamptonshire Regiment, son of the late Bernard Coote, and Mrs. Coote, of the Peak, Hythe, Kent, and Valerie Jean McKnight, daughter of the late Norman McKnight, and Mrs. W. Buckell, of 28, Glyn Mansions, W. 14, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens



Victor Hey

Chamberlain—Crocker

Sq.-Ldr. P. B. Chamberlain, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chamberlain, of Sheffield, was married at Scarborough to Florence Margaret Crocker, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. E. Crocker, of Hathern, Loughborough, Leics. They both came home from Iraq to be married



Perks—Reeves

Captain M. A. ("Tony") Perks, son of the late Harry Perks, and Mrs. Gerald C. Judd, of Fairlawn, Rustington, Sussex, and Betty Reeves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Reeves, of Tattenham, Kingston Gorse, Angmering-on-Sea, were married at East Preston Church



Arthur J. Anderson

Rogers—Clark

Sec.-Lieut. Denis C. Rogers, Manchester Regiment, and Mary C. Clark were married at St. Peter's, Berkhamsted. He is the elder son of Mrs. R. A. Rogers, of Babbacombe, Devon, and she is the elder daughter of Mr. W. P. L. Clark, of Selsdon Park Hotel, Surrey, and Maycroft, Hendon



Mens clothes by

Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Sedentary Sentiments

MY own suggestion—and I present it freely to the Government without asking for any kind of award—is to abolish part of the existing Civil Service and to establish a new Civil Service manufactured entirely out of plastics.

It would be cheaper to make and to maintain, fully as decorative (there would, of course, be plastic umbrellas and despatch cases) and incomparably quicker. For in aviation it is the slowness of the civil servant which tends to worry us.

Here is a case. A noted officer of the Royal Air Force, renowned all over the world for his flying skill and extensive air experience, retired from the Service to take up an important appointment concerned with the nation's aeronautical interests.

It remained for an anonymous set of desk-watching civil servants to fiddle and fiddle with their idiotic forms and formalities for a month before granting this distinguished officer his civil flying licence of which he was in urgent need for performing his new duties. Now to my mind there is absolutely no excuse for that kind of thing.

Time

IT is, of course, always difficult for the ordinary business man to understand why it should take Government departments at least a week to answer the simplest letter. The reason is, I think, attributable to that section of the Civil Service I wish to replace with my plastic officials.

The plastic official would be moulded (from bakelite or impregnated wood) in the

sitting position. He would be practically unbreakable and would be unaffected by temperature. As he could be left in the office over night he would save transport.

A high-speed, automatic conveyor would link together the rooms of these plastic officials in order of seniority. Any letter coming into the Government office so equipped would then be placed on the conveyor by the post department and whirled round very swiftly. Finally it would go into a small, dim and dirty room in the basement where an underpaid girl clerk would reply to it.

In my opinion the answers of such underpaid girl clerks would be more likely to carry the business to a satisfactory conclusion than the letters from the existing desk-watchers.

U.S. Aircraft

THAT was a grand first public appearance of the Boeing Fortresses. The Air Ministry news service, which never seems to feel embarrassment at praising the Service it represents, laid it on thick with all kinds of information about stratosphere flying.

Actually the tactical use of height has been known since the beginning of war-flying and the Fortresses used height in just the way that was expected and foreseen. I should not be surprised if the fact that we were to get Boeings was not the thing that caused the Germans to produce the Messerschmitt 109F.

This machine was originally said to have a service ceiling of 38,000 ft. but more recently it was said to be able to get up to



Medal for Airman

Flt.-Lieut. Norman S. Royle, who joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war, has been awarded the D.F.C. Flt.-Lieut. Royle, who is twenty-five, is a member of an important advertising firm, and was a volunteer week-end airman in peacetime

40,000 ft. or even 41,000 ft. It may be that in producing the high-altitude Messerschmitt the Germans had some inkling of what was coming to them when the Boeings made their bow.

It seems that the middle-height attack on Brest was timed to follow immediately the high-altitude attack and that the Hampdens and Wellingtons were coming in for their runs as the Boeing bombs were falling.

Anyhow the whole of the planning of the attacks on both Brest and La Pallice was up to the best standards of the Bomber Command and an example of really first-class work. The Scharnhorst and Gneisenau (I rather think it was Air Vice-Marshal Peck who called them "Salmon and Gluckstein") have been knocked about quite a lot. But the R.A.F. won't be happy until it gets them for good and all.

Service Liaison

ONE of the most important things in maintaining our high technical standards is concerned with keeping the aircraft industry in the closest possible touch with the Royal Air Force. So I feel that there will be general approval of the appointment to the company of Phillips and Powis of Group Captain Jack Woodhouse, one of the most experienced officers in the R.A.F. Group Captain Woodhouse must have seen twenty-seven years of service with the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force. His remarkable special missions of the war of 1914-18 were one of the high lights of the period and for skill and daring they have never been surpassed.

I believe his chief problem on joining Phillips and Powis was to get the coupons required to buy some clothes, for he had not needed mufti for ages and his last station called for tropical kit.

While I am on this point of Service liaison I should like to emphasise the importance of a good system for conveying operational pilots' suggestions and criticisms to those responsible for telling the industry what is wanted.

The young operational pilot in a squadron is not often very articulate; but he knows more about what is wanted than anybody else, for he does most of the fighting and bombing. He must be encouraged to express his views and special efforts must be made to see that they get to the right quarters.



R.A.F. Film Premiere

At the opening night of "Target for To-night" at the Gaumont were Flt.-Lieut. H. L. Dundas, Group Captain Lord Willoughby de Broke, Air Vice-Marshal J. G. A. Baldwin, Sir Hugh Seely and Air Commodore H. Peake. The film was made in co-operation with the R.A.F. and the cast includes Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse and pilots who have been on many bombing raids over enemy territory. Sir Hugh Seely, the new additional Under Secretary for Air, has just been created a Baron

Can we ever repay them?..

yes, here and now!



HERE is a grand chance to show some practical appreciation for those fine fellows who last year won the Battle of Britain, who since have been in the vanguard of the fight on every front and on whose courage and skill our safety now in these islands depends at every hour of the day and night. **The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund appeals to you for help to carry on its varied and ever-increasing charitable work among Royal Air Force personnel.**

The Fund helps those disabled on active service. It cares for the widows of men killed in action, and educates their children. It must be ready to re-establish men in civil life after the war and to help those

younger members of the R.A.F. whose business or professional training has been cut short. The calls upon this Fund are, therefore, great and, owing to the rapid expansion of the Force, ever-increasing. Funds are urgently needed.

Please help those men and women of the Royal Air Force who have the misfortune to suffer disablement or distress as a result of their service to our country. Cheques (made payable to "The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund") should be sent to Lord Riverdale or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Bertram T. Rumble, Address: 1, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

An appeal on behalf of The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund by the Nuffield Organization.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



Everyone will be pleased to learn that Kenneth Durward has opened new salons at 163, New Bond Street. To him must be given the credit of the suit portrayed with its smartly cut check jacket and plain skirt arranged with godet pleats at the back and front. By this device the movements are never handicapped: the straight sides give a slimming effect. Hand-made felt hats made to measure are absolutely simple in line; nevertheless, the colours are very attractive. No one must leave these salons until they have studied the West of England weatherproof cloth coats—they are only five guineas



It is such simple things as a box-pleated plastron that lifts an otherwise ordinary hat out of the rut of the commonplace. It is this conceit that increases the charm of the felt hat above. It affords protection to the hair and, as will be seen, the brim casts becoming shadows across the face. The crown is gartered with ribbon. Here are likewise to be seen a representative collection of pull-on felt hats for town and country wear. Quills often "stab" the crown, or it may be that they are used to hold the brim in position



The bride of to-day is showing a decided wish for something different for her wedding, and unless she can borrow a veil she prefers a distinctive but nevertheless simple hat which can be worn for a lengthened period. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are specialising in the same, two of which are portrayed on this page. The one above on the left is of an exquisite shade of brown velvet. This colour is sometimes present in the feathers on a pheasant's breast. It is trimmed with a veil and argus quill. On the right is a study in hunter's green velvet and silver fox; it consists of toque, bag and muff. It would make an attractive wedding present



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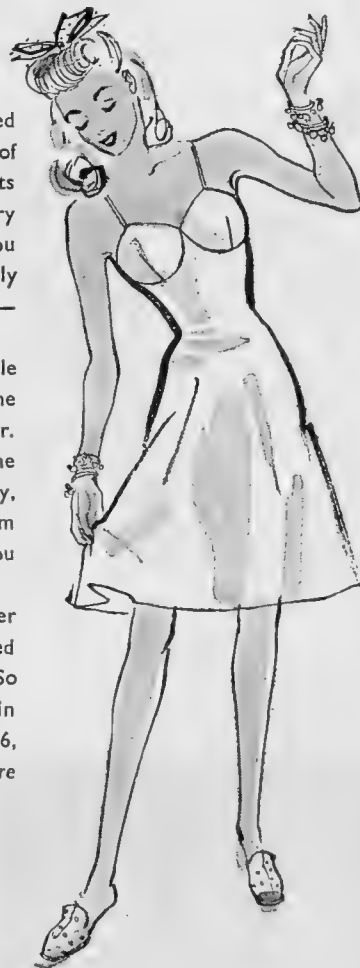
You have always taken for granted not merely the perfect fit of Kayser 7-Size Underwear—but its superlative quality. In fact, every exquisite Kayser garment you have ever possessed has probably surprised you by the way it wears—and wears.

Remember that the fit and style of all your clothes depend on the fit and style of your underwear. That is why, when worn over the sure foundation of Kayser Quality, everything else keeps its charm and grace no matter how long you have to make it do.

Remember, too, that Kayser have been making quality-tailored underwear for over 35 years. So you can be quite confident that in 1941 even more than in 1906, Kayser Quality will be even more jealously safeguarded.



Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy



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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

ROBINSON had died and gone below. Hardly had he settled down when a hearty hand slapped him on the back, and into his ears boomed the familiar voice of a persistent traveller who had pestered him on earth.

"Well, Mr. Robinson," said the traveller, "I'm here for that appointment."

"What appointment? I certainly don't remember making it."

"You don't mean to tell me you've forgotten it? Every time I came into your office to interest you in my propositions, you told me you'd see me here."

THE film star was an inveterate practical joker. At his Hollywood home he had an electric chair—disguised as an ordinary upholstered one. As soon as a guest had relaxed in it the actor would press a button and the guest would leap high in the air, tingling with the shock.

One day a pretty girl came to interview him. She sat in the electric chair, and the film star could not resist pressing the button.

Nothing happened. The girl sat there with shining eyes, conversing animatedly.

Finally the actor asked: "Don't you feel rather strange?"

The girl replied: "Oh, yes—just as if electricity were flowing through me—but I always feel like that when I'm talking to film stars, they're so magnetic."

"WHAT made you decide to put off your wedding by two days at the last moment?"

"Well, you see, I reckoned it out that my silver wedding would come on a Saturday, and I always play golf on Saturdays."

THE doctor was called to the telephone in the middle of his breakfast. After listening to the voice at the other end, he said:

"I told you to drink hot water thirty minutes before breakfast. That's simple enough."

"Yes," replied the worried patient, "but I've only been drinking it fifteen minutes, and I'm so full I can't drink another drop."

PPRIVATE JONES had volunteered for a special job, and was being interviewed by the colonel.

"Have you the firmness of character that enables a man to go on and so do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism and ridicule?" asked the colonel.

"Well," said Billikins, "I was a cook all through the last war."

THE lad had been brought by his mother for an interview with a prospective employer.

After a series of questions the interviewer asked: "Are you truthful, my boy?"

Before the lad could answer his mother replied: "Aye, the lad is that. But, of course, he understands business is business."

THis one comes from America:

The stevedore started for home after midnight. His eyes were blackened, his nose bloody, his clothes torn.

Half-way home he met a friend.

"Oh, boy!" The friend whistled. "What were you battling with—a cyclone?"

The stevedore shrugged.

"Nope." Fought with some guy from the waterfront. No-nose Jackson they call him."

"Who won?" asked the friend.

"I don't know," returned the stevedore. "When I left, the guy was still swinging haymakers."

"Still swinging haymakers?" echoed the friend. "What for?"

"Well," explained the bruised stevedore, "this is a fight to a finish. And I promised him I'd be back in the morning!"

AN Irish priest had been transferred from one parish to another. One of his old flock met one of the new.

"Well," he said, "and how do ye like Father Murphy, Dennis?"

"Ah, to be sure," answered Dennis, "he's a fine man; a fine man, but a trifle bellicose."

"Bellicose is it? Well, if that isn't queer. When we had him, he was as thin as a rake."

AN admiral—and a stickler for uniform—stopped opposite a very portly sailor whose medal ribbon was an inch or so too low.

Fixing the man with his eye, the admiral asked: "Did you get that medal for eating, my man?"

The man gulped, and replied: "No, sir."

"Then why the deuce," barked the admiral, "do you wear it on your stomach?"



THE ST. NEOTS' QUADS

MICHAEL, PAUL, ANN, ERNEST, at 5½ years.

Cow & Gate

The way to life



THE ST. NEOTS' QUADS

Weight at Birth 28/11/35—
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PAUL—3 lbs. 7 ozs.; MICHAEL—2 lbs. 13 ozs.
Premature birth by 7 weeks 4 days.

These four children were prematurely born on the 28th November, 1935. You can imagine how precarious was their existence when you realise that nowhere in the world before had three boys and a girl—born at a single birth—lived into childhood.

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Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



Tropical Expedition

Since the conduct of war is more important than the acquisition of wardrobes, it is not surprising that officers sometimes find that they have to buy tropical uniforms against time. It is then a consolation to remember that we have, in our tropical department, everything you need, perfect in every regulation detail and in sizes to fit every figure. Within the hour you can be fully fitted out for the Orient. We have equipped entire battalions in this way while their ships have been virtually straining at their hawsers. With the consent of the commanding officer, we will visit quarters, take all measurements and deliver all kits without the loss of a military moment. Or, with a little extra time and at a small extra cost we can make tropical uniforms to measure.

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Wolseley Helmet (with flash)	£	s.	d.
Helmet Flash	1	17	0
Service Dress Jacket (Buttons and Badges extra)	2	15	0
Cloth Belt	0	5	9
Slacks	1	7	6
Shorts	1	2	6
Bush Shirt	0	10	6
Tie	0	2	6
Khaki Stockings from	0	5	0
Puttees	0	15	0

R.A.F.

Wolseley Helmet (with flash)	£	s.	d.
Helmet Flash	1	18	6
Tunic (Buttons and Badges extra)	2	15	0
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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

MANY waters, we are told, cannot quench love. Nor, it seems, can even Cabinet rank stifle the golfing germ. Thus the Minister of Aircraft Production writes to Mrs. Gordon Black in acknowledgment of the Golfers' Spitfire Fund cheque for £1,506 13s. 11d. "You will readily understand that among the many which I have received this gift makes a special appeal to me. It is a great encouragement, and I shall be glad if you will convey my warmest thanks to the committee and all those who by their efforts and generosity have made it possible."

Mrs. Black herself, of course, can take the lion's share of those thanks from the Rt. Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Moore Brabazon, for if she had not thrown herself into the breach as hon. treasurer the fund would never have been started, far less carried on under all sorts of difficulties.

Amongst "all those" pride of place naturally goes to East Lothian, the county who raised the biggest sum per head of membership, and thus win the competition and become recipients of the German bomber propeller blade. They are handing over the trophy to Gullane, whose noble £80 was the biggest factor in their success. Dorset, runners-up, with Ferndown chief donors, take their share. As if to prove that it is not only within the borders of the United Kingdom, including Northern Ireland, that appreciation of the R.A.F. exists, one of the finest individual contributions came from Greystones, in Eire; whilst all portions of the Empire farther off, such as Kenya, Nigeria, Hong Kong (who sent £120) were contributors.

So that is that, and now if the golfers want excuse for an occasional competition, they can concentrate on Fairway and Hazard's Fund for the A.T.S., with its Empire Surprise Competition, or the Red Cross

competitions for which the Ladies' Golf Union offer commemorative brooches. TATLER AND BYSTANDER spoons are always with us.

THE craving to be out of doors must come over some of the golfers almost unbearably in these lovely summer days. Nostalgia is a horribly overworked word nowadays, but it is not too strong for that yearning after the sight and scent of a bit of old England, the sensation of turf under foot, and the broad landscape of cattle and crops, hedgerow and harvest, with their suggestion of permanency and peace. We are all rooted in it deeper than we know, and the golfers perhaps more than most of us.

I cannot believe that the average woman golfer, having spent all her days, at least five hours out of every twenty four, walking round a golf course, is really happy sitting on an office stool, or even that she serves the country better there than in some more active, rougher if you like, form of service. The young and strong ones should quite undoubtedly be in the Fighting Services or on the land; they will be happier now, and more satisfied when the war has been won.

I only wish to goodness that I were young enough to follow the plough myself. It was my first ambition, rising no higher than to walk beside the horses, carrying one of the black whipcord and brass whips that ploughboys did carry in those days. The desire was in turn supplanted by that of being an animal painter, and golfing ambitions only came into the picture after one surprising day when, aged twelve, with a gutty ball, I carried the gorge on the old nine-hole course at Whitby with a tee shot.

ALL this arises because this morning came the news that Miss Beryl Harvey, secretary of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association, is going on the land in Gloucestershire, with market gardening as a post-war aim! Everybody for whom she worked so hard in the old L.P.G.A. days will be glad and wish her luck; those for whom she has worked equally hard



Miss Beryl Harvey, of the L.P.G.A., and the M.T.C. has now gone on the land

in the Mechanised Transport Corps will be correspondingly sorry to lose her, however much they, too, may wish her luck now that she has joined the Reserve of Officers and decided that she can do better national service that way, and on a farm. She has borne the burden and heat of the day—and night—nobly for many a long and ghastly month in Lambeth Walk; the real one, where tears, blood and sweat have been almost as much a commonplace as laughter on the stage one.

Friends who, in blitz days, hear the planes chugging overhead on their way to London, often thought of Miss Harvey, pictured her running (as she would always run were it only to find a missing partner or a handicap certificate) to start up the ambulances and go out into the horrors, red and raw, of rescue work in total warfare.

Those sort of things are inevitable; somebody must do them and Miss Harvey is one of those who never spares herself; but food production is no less important and now that she has done such a big share of the one kind of service, it will be good to think of her on the other. She has already served an apprenticeship with a successful allotment close to her home near Stoke Poges.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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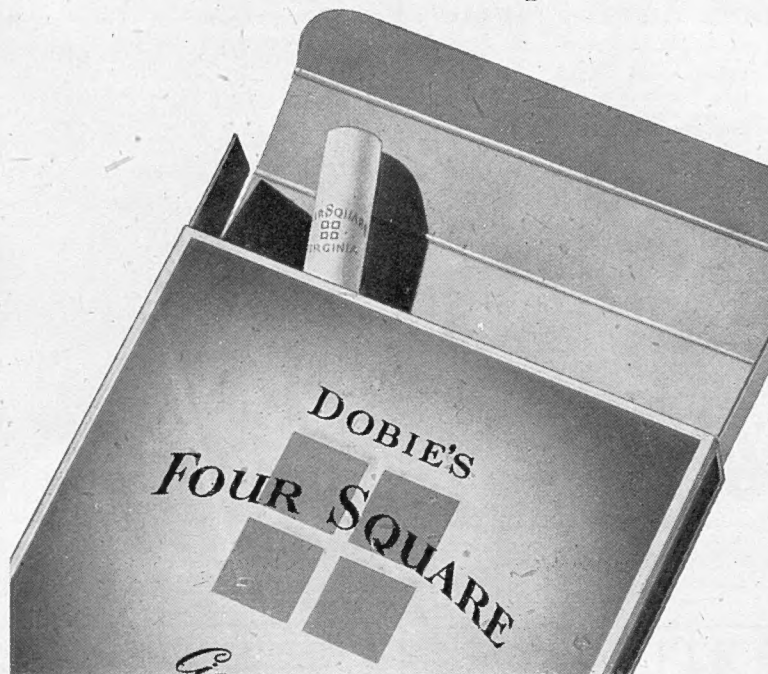


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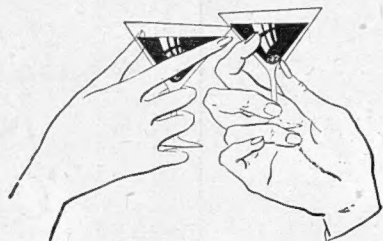
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When you get a headache, whether it is caused by a disturbed night, overwork, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you're suffering from an "acid condition" as well. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is bound to come back.

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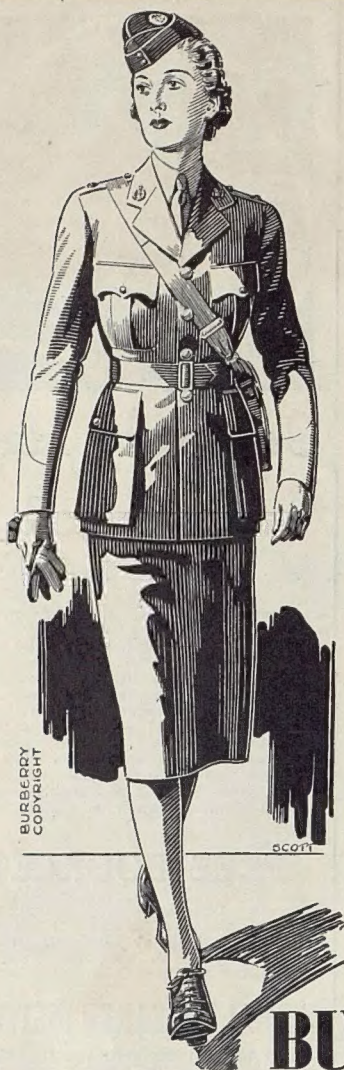
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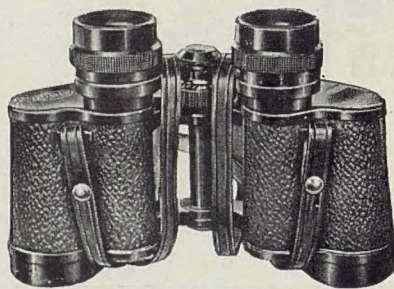
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